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(See Page 15)

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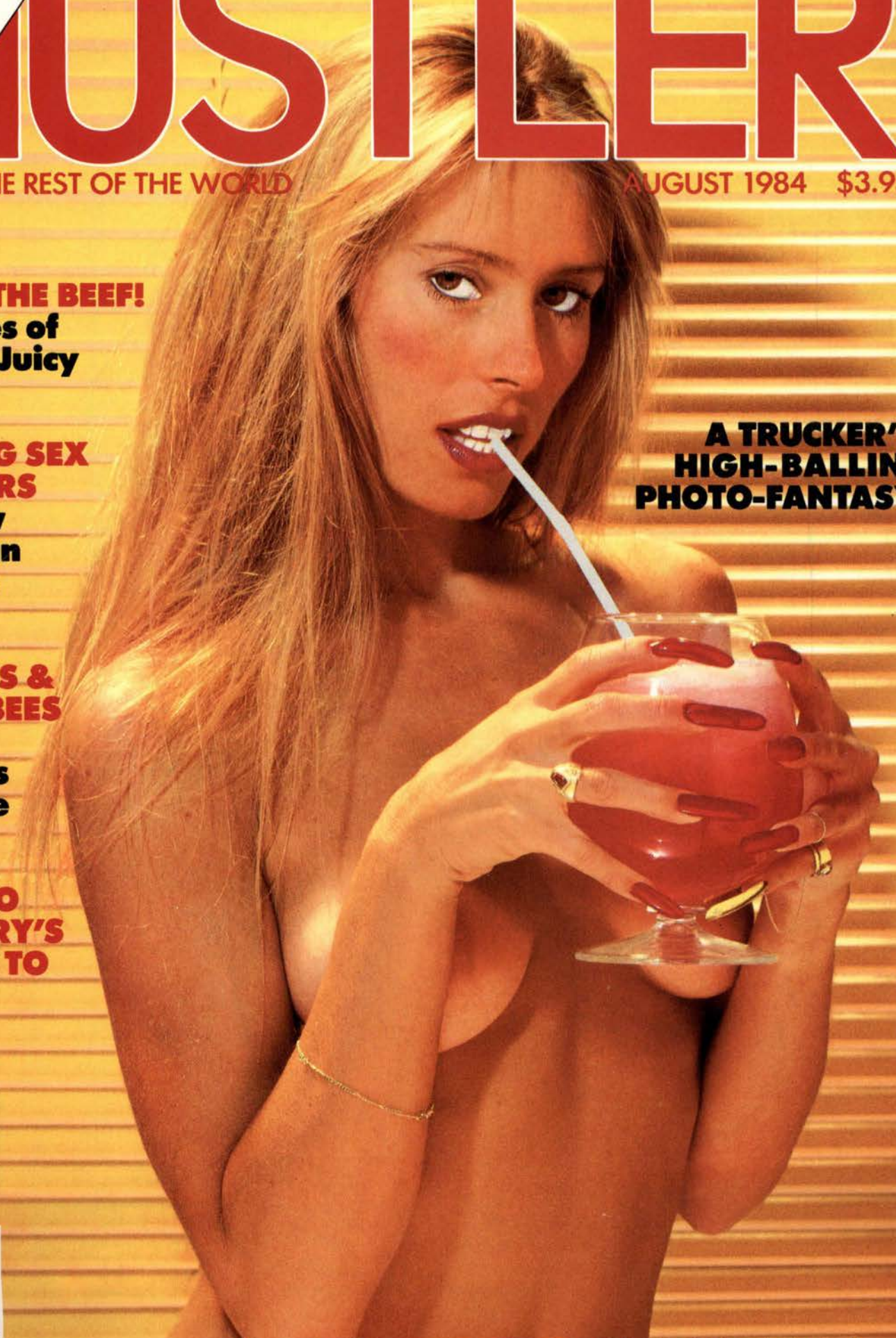
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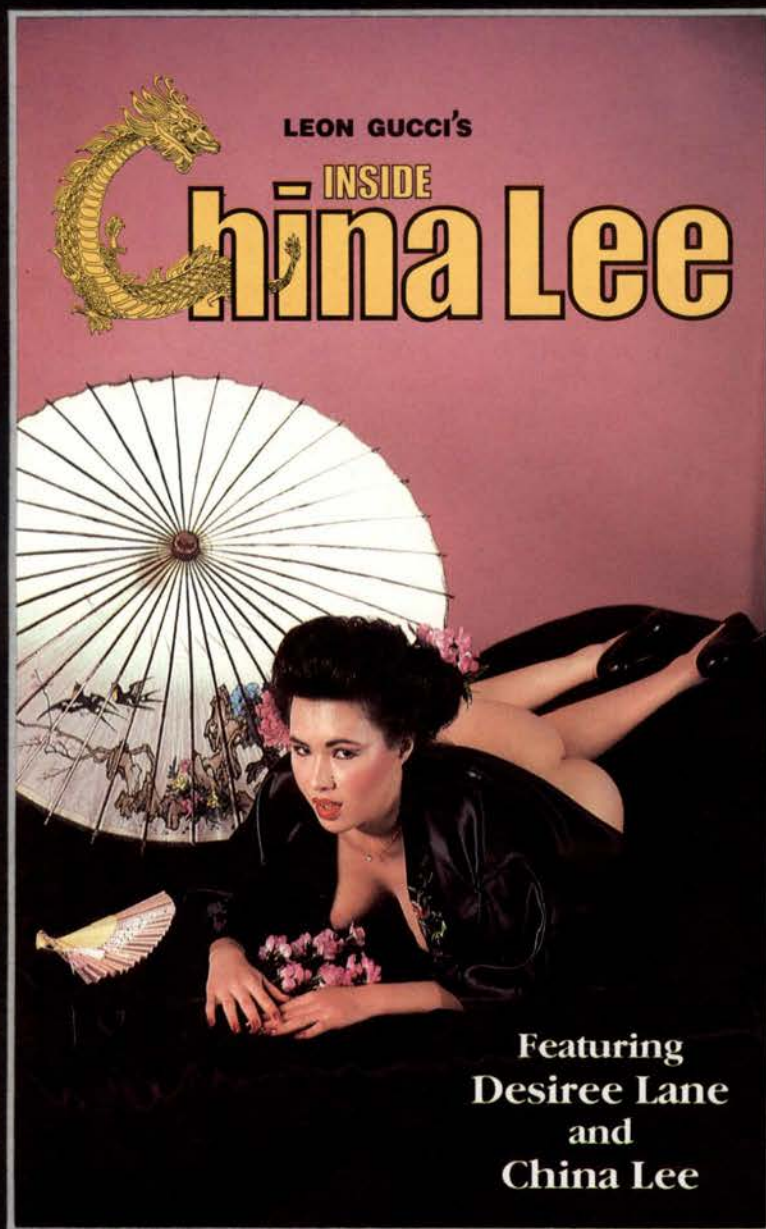


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The U.S. Edition of **HUSTLER MAGAZINE** (ISSN-0149-4635) is published monthly by **HUSTLER MAGAZINE INC.**, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Advertising inquiries: 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Copyright © 1984 by **HUSTLER MAGAZINE INC.** Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited materials. All rights to letters sent to **HUSTLER** will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to **HUSTLER's** right to edit and to comment editorially. All rights reserved on entire contents; nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity between persons and places in fiction in this magazine and any real persons and places is purely coincidental. All photographs posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photographs, nor the words used to describe them, are meant to depict the models' actual conduct, statements or personalities.

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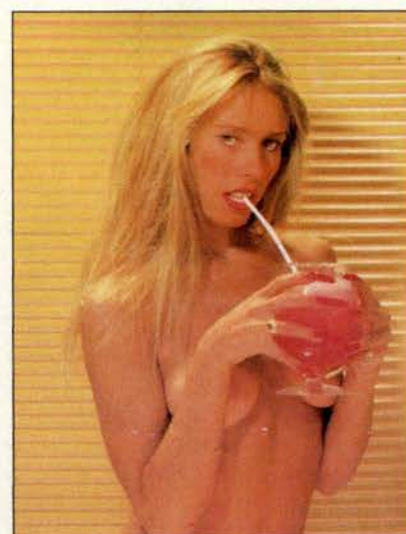
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On the Cover . . .

Checking out the talent at a local honky-tonk, one of our editors spotted a hot-looking country girl named Lori sipping on a rum-and-Coke. After watching her suck a floating cherry right up through the straw, he quickly introduced himself and asked if she wanted to make it in the big time—starting with the cover of HUSTLER. Lori said yes, and the rest—thanks to Director of Photography James Baes's camera artistry—is magazine history.

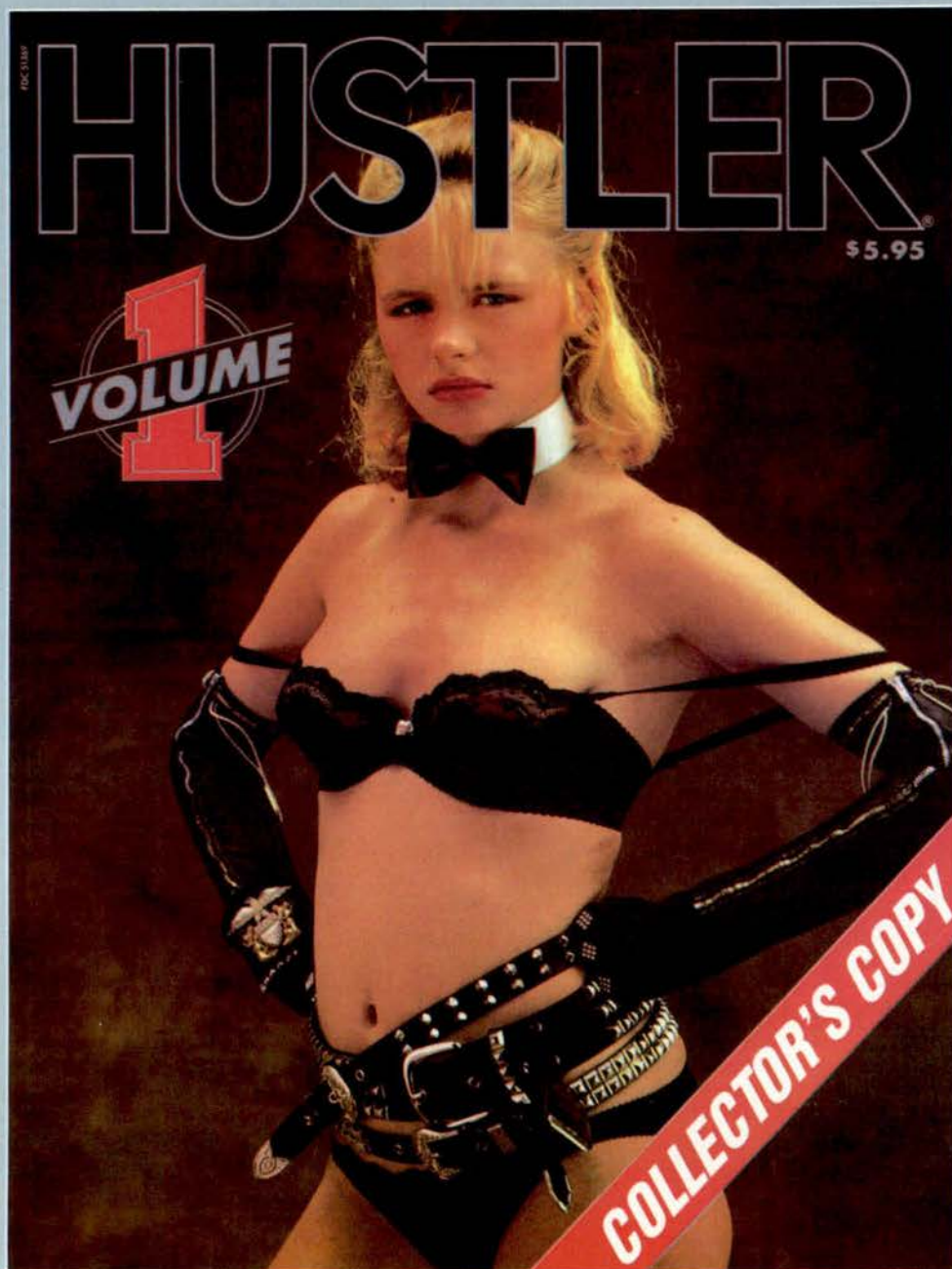
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The International Edition of HUSTLER MAGAZINE is published monthly by LFZ, LTD., P.O. Box 1803, Grand Cayman, B.W.I., with permission of HUSTLER MAGAZINE INC.

Collector's Copy



Ever since HUSTLER first appeared in 1974, the demand for back issues has been tremendous. Who could ever forget our first "pink" centerfold, the nude Jackie O or the revolutionary Scratch 'n' Sniff Centerfold? Now, as a special bonus, sets of three randomly selected issues are being made available so our readers can fill the holes in their HUSTLER libraries . . . and at a mere \$5.95, a substantial savings over the individual cover prices. Look for the COLLECTOR'S COPY at your favorite newsstand.

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PORNOGRAPHY AND VIOLENCE

I am writing this *Publisher's Statement* from my cell at the Federal Correctional Institution in Butner, North Carolina. The authorities may have me behind bars for a while, but nobody's going to stifle my right to speak out on vital issues of the day. One that immediately comes to mind is the sickening waste of the taxpayers' hard-earned money. Some past federal boondoggles—and all of these are on the record—include \$1 million spent to study the mother love of monkeys; \$148,000 to find out why chickens grow feathers; \$102,000 to study the effects of gin compared to the effects of tequila when fed to Atlantic Ocean fish; and an unspecified amount spent on examining the anal temperatures of Alaskan sled dogs.

But the latest lamebrained example of government waste really takes the cake. The Justice Department recently awarded a \$798,531 grant for a two-year American University "study" that will attempt to determine whether pornography is linked to sexual violence, juvenile crime and a Pandora's box of other antisocial behavior. The person in charge of this investigation—Judith A. Reisman, Ph.D.—has some really strange qualifications: She spent 13 years as a song-and-skit writer for the *Captain Kangaroo* television series. And for the past year she lived, wrote and lectured in Israel—an odd vantage point from which to pursue the subject that obsesses her.

For her services on the porn project, Reisman is being paid an incredible \$91,000—plus an additional \$13,000 to cover the cost of shipping her files and household goods from Israel. The proposal that earned her this financial windfall promised to determine whether HUSTLER and other "sexually explicit materials cause juvenile delinquency, runaways, teenage pregnancy, mayhem, rape in gangs or as individuals, murder, alcohol and drug abuse, pederasty, child prostitution, incest, rape, torture and mutilations." About all she left out was AIDS, ringworm, bad breath and athlete's foot.

Most institutions of higher learning pride themselves on the impartial objectivity of major research projects and of their administrators. But Reisman is about as impartial as a crooked judge on the take. "[The publishers of *Playboy*, *Penthouse* and HUSTLER magazines] are every bit as dangerous as Hitler, Mussolini and Hirohito, the political fascist triumvirate of World War II," she declares.

If you're not already incensed about this monumental squandering of \$800,000, then get this: A Justice Department memo argued that the ill-conceived project could be done for far less—between \$20,000 and \$60,000. Nevertheless, the Office of Juvenile Justice and Delinquency quickly approved the inflated expenditure—you guessed it—without competitive bidding. Administrator Alfred S. Regnery of that office also ignored the memo's conclusion that Reisman's study would only evaluate what is *already known* about the subject in question.

What is already known about the relationship between pornography and violent behavior has been dealt with time and time again in the

pages of HUSTLER. Years ago we reported that the esteemed Kinsey Institute found no correlation between pornography and sex crimes. Dr. Marvin Wolfgang, a member of the 1971 Presidential Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, found no evidence relating exposure to pornography with deviant sexual behavior.

After interviewing a sample of jailed sex offenders, Dr. C. Eugene Walker, a health-services specialist, noted that people who commit sex crimes tend to have been exposed to *less* pornography than those who do not. "The primary problem with porn . . . is not its impact on those exposed to it, but on those who try to suppress it," says noted sociologist Amitai Etzioni. "Studies of the issue tend to document the difficulties many ordinary citizens experience in dealing with sexuality openly—based on facts, not fears—rather than the dangerous consequences of pornography, which appear to be few or none."

What really pisses me off about "studies" such as Reisman's is that they usually wind up doing nothing constructive other than providing jobs for dozens of paper-shuffling bureaucrats and money-hungry parasites. It should come as no surprise that members of the Moral Majority—and their stooge in the White House—are delighted with the go-ahead for her project. Undoubtedly, they applaud Reisman's intention to analyze the biological, hormonal and neurological responses of juveniles as they are exposed to pornography in an effort to prove that these materials will cause the youngsters to become criminal offenders.

But before Reisman gets too far along in her research, someone with a knowledge of the law should clue her in: Exposing juveniles to pornography is a criminal act in itself. That's one reason why HUSTLER has never been knowingly sold to anyone under the age of 18. The other is a moral consideration that perhaps is lost on Reisman and other zealots of her ilk: The immature mind is not sufficiently prepared to deal with pornographic thoughts and images.

Various journalists—among them representatives of HUSTLER—have contacted Reisman to question her more closely on how she won the \$800,000 grant and about her less-than-dazzling background. Her responses have been evasive. She also refuses requests to submit a photograph of herself for publication. Reisman has good reason to hide her face. She should be ashamed of trying to serve up the same old tired red herring at the expense of the American taxpayer.

Publisher & Editor



Ken Lizotte

W've said it before, and we'll say it again: The writers and illustrators who contribute to **HUSTLER** supply the extra brains and balls that keep **HUSTLER** miles ahead of its competitors. And it's you readers who demand the tough, thorough investigative journalism and inspired artwork that have for ten years made us the best men's magazine in the world.

For example, take the eye-opening article **PERFECT STRANGERS: AMERICA'S SWINGING MATE-SWAPPERS**. Author **KEN LIZOTTE**, who also wrote the lively sports biography *High Inside: Memoirs of a Baseball Wife*, reveals that the nation's favorite indoor sport—swinging—is now so popular that it attracts an estimated 3 million participants. But Lizotte didn't stop with facts and figures. Our intrepid reporter put more than his heart and soul into this firsthand account, and his behind-the-bedroom-doors report is undercover journalism at its best. The Society of Illustrators' Lifetime Achievement Award winner **REN WICKS** provided the amusing illustration.

Next, **HUSTLER** goes behind the headlines to give you the startling facts about the worldwide onslaught of deadly pests. According to **STEVE SALERNO**'s frightening report, **MOTHER NATURE ON THE ATTACK**, vermin such as the deadly South American killer bee and the dreaded cockroach are winning their battles to make human life miserable—jeopardizing food supplies and spreading disease while technology can do virtually nothing to stop them. Salerno, a native of New York who received his journalism degree from Brooklyn College, is currently writing a book on the lifestyles of salesmen—an offshoot of his article *Traveling Salesmen: Suitcase Romeos*, which appeared in the April '84 **CHIC**. His work has also been published in *Harper's*, *California*, *Entrepreneur* and other publications. Veteran **HUSTLER** artist **PAT DUNN**, who provided the accompanying artwork, is now rendering ads for NBC-TV.

It's been 20 years since smoking was first linked to lung cancer and other disabling and fatal diseases, but people continue to smoke. Last year more than 350,000 of them died from their dangerous habit. At least part of the continuing popularity of cigarettes is due to the \$1 billion that cigarette companies spend each year to brainwash the American public through advertising and lobbying. In this month's *Guest Editorial*, **DEATH BY NICOTINE**, **DR. DAVID J. FLETCHER**, a public-health specialist, offers his expert opinion on the tobacco industry's underhanded efforts to keep Americans coughing and dying. Hammering home this theme, he exposes Marlboro's attempts to halt the showing of an antismoking TV documentary.

Our *Kinky Korner* for August, **MY HAMBURGER HELPER**, recounts the erotic adventures of a female reader who has a fetish for raw meat—in more ways than one. The illustration for this juicy tale was done by **JEANI BRUNNICK**, a graduate of the Pasadena Art Center who is currently freelancing in Los Angeles.

What do you do when a woman tells you she'd "just like to be friends"? Well, instead of accusing her of being a dyke or telling her to go to hell, you just might want to take her up on the offer. In this month's *Sex Play*, author **FRANCESCA GARRETT** explores the timely topic **MAKING FRIENDS WITHOUT MAKING EACH OTHER**. She feels there's no better way to become a good lover than by getting to know members of the opposite sex platonically. A former women's-studies professor, Garrett has written many scholarly articles on male and female sexuality. She holds a Ph.D. in literature from Brandeis University and presently lives in Los Angeles. **J. ALLAN**, a newcomer to **HUSTLER**, contributed the illustration.

During his many years as a Contributing Photographer to **HUSTLER** and more recently as Director of Photography, **JAMES BAES** has demonstrated the lusty way in which he relates to women. His sensual images are a tantalizing blend of classic beauty and erotic appeal. Born in France, Baes spent two years as an architecture student in Paris before moving to the U.S. to study film and television at UCLA. By 1975 he was recognized as one of Europe's outstanding photographic talents, and his work drew the attention of **HUSTLER**'s **LARRY FLYNT**. Baes has been a **HUSTLER** and **CHIC** regular ever since. Besides shooting this month's cover, he was also behind the camera for two photo-features, **CLAUDIA: SUNNY DELIGHT** and **RIO TRIO**. We're sure you'll agree that his work—like everything that goes into **HUSTLER**—has that extra-special element which makes it a cut above the rest.



James Baes



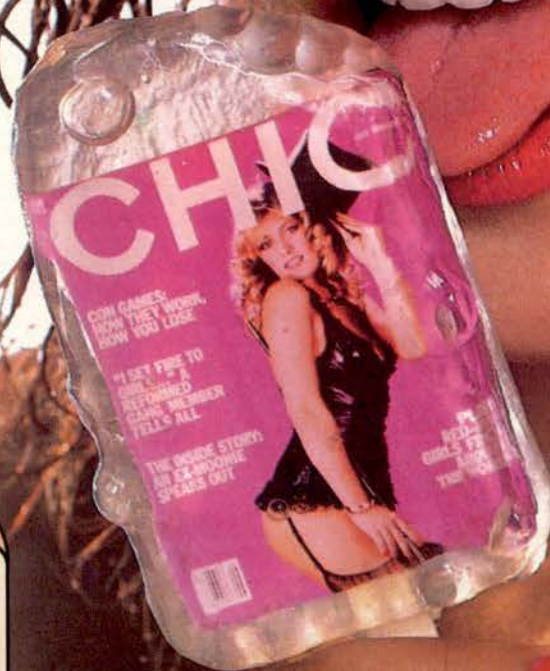
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Feedback



FAITHFUL MALCONTENT:

I think your magazine is pure bullshit, and the lowest bullshit (your jokes) are tasteless. The bitches in your photo-sets are tasteless, and your fucking stories aren't worth shit either. In short, HUSTLER isn't worth the price you charge for the shit. For one thing, there aren't enough women showing expression on their faces. Not only that, but you should put some good-looking Oriental, Puerto Rican or black pussy in some of the layouts. I tell you, HUSTLER is pure bullshit.

In your March '84 issue there was a real pretty bitch at the beginning of your *Advertising Section*, but again, not enough expression on her. The *Camp Grenada* layout: same thing, not enough expression. Let's face it—HUSTLER Magazine just ain't worth shit.

Well, I got to go now. Got to go and pick up the April '84 issue of HUSTLER before they're all gone. —Soupie Soulfire
West Coxsackie, New York

A CRIME OF PASSION:

I have always heard about HUSTLER Magazine but never purchased a copy. Well, today I bought my first HUSTLER (June '84) and was particularly impressed by your *A Crime of Passion* pictorial. I was just blown away by the girl in the red boots. She has the most perfectly shaped body I've ever seen in *any* magazine. I hope you'll be showing more of her.

—Mark
Portage, Pennsylvania

SHAVING FEEDBACK:

My boyfriend and I really enjoy reading HUSTLER, which is a great magazine. Among the parts I like best are the photo-features of men and women together. In the last few issues you have really shown some hot stuff.

Well, to the point! In the April '84 edition you had some very interesting pic-
HUSTLER AUGUST

tures of a "nun" who got shaved (*The New Nun's Story*). My boyfriend liked that very much, and so did I, but it would have been an even greater turn-on for me to see a *man* getting shaved by one girl or a couple of them—perhaps nurses. Of course, they shouldn't shave his face but his cock. That's a thing I've never seen depicted in a magazine or film, not even here in Sweden; so please try *hard* to fulfill my dream and show that kind of pictures! I'm sure thousands of your female readers would be happy.

—Yvonne Hansson
Stockholm, Sweden

This letter is in response to the pictorial *The New Nun's Story* (April '84). First, let me say I thought it was fantastic. I am a regular reader of HUSTLER and have been waiting for such a spread. Let me tell



The New Nun's Story

you my reason. One of my former girlfriends, who was always horny, liked to try new things. Upon my request she shaved her snatch for me. To say the least, it was an incredible turn-on.

My present girlfriend had surgery not too long ago, and wouldn't you know it? The doctors had to shave her sacred grounds. As you might have guessed, there was no protest from me. A shaved cunt really turns me on. There's nothing better than eating out a pussy that's as smooth as a newborn baby's ass. Now, if I could get my girl to shave her head, that would be the ultimate! Naturally, your pictorial raised my pecker to attention! Keep those original ideas coming in your future issues. I'll always be an avid reader.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

First, I would like to extend my congratulations to your publication for being the best men's magazine on the market today. It excels far beyond *Playbore* and *Pent-up* in all categories. Your timely and explosive investigative reporting has answered numerous questions that too many Americans were afraid to ask.

While I don't always agree with the antics of Larry Flynt, I feel it is his right to do anything he wants as long as he doesn't physically hurt anybody around him. Like a famous document once stated, "... and the pursuit of happiness."

Anyway, the reason I am writing is in regard to your pictorial titled *The New*

Nun's Story (April '84). While I am not what you would call a Bible-thumper, I was always taught that nuns could not marry. Yet in your pictorial both older nuns are wearing wedding rings! I know they are married to God, but that is ridiculous. I say that if you're gonna do it at all, do it right. C'mon, guys, let's pay some attention to detail, huh? Thanks for an otherwise-great magazine.

—M. D. Desrosiers
Iwakuni, Japan

We did. Nuns do wear wedding rings to symbolize their marriage to the Church.

BIBLICAL VISION:

I was totally shocked and appalled to see in your May '84 issue a mockery of the Christian religion. I guess I've been naive, but I never imagined that even in your vast arsenal of whores you could find someone who had no better self-respect than to mock the Crucifixion.

How rich and low have some of us become? I have never been one to be against pornography. I enjoy beautiful bodies, and nothing is wrong with sex—maybe even kinky sex. But to defile the Bible as you have is too much. There is a God, and I wouldn't want to be in your place and have to answer to Him for what you have done.

—Name Withheld by Request
Houston, Texas

Congratulations on your magazine! It stands out from all the others on the overcrowded skin rack because of its class, creativity and fearless humor.

I love the May '84 cover with the logo, "The Good Book." Three cheers and, yes, Larry Flynt's *the man of the century*, at least in the United States. Outstanding. If he keeps this up, he'll be immortal—if he's not already.

I'm happy to see the Marjoe Gortner piece on his Holy Vision. Praise the Lawd!

The fact is, the Bible makes your humble mag look like a first-grade reader by comparison, for the Bible tells me so: cannibalism, mass murder, etc., etc., etc., eternally.

I intend to frame the *Time* parody cover (Larry Flynt: Man of the Year) and hang it up with Paine, Jefferson, Washington, Lincoln, Madison, Franklin and Alfred E. Neuman. Masterful.

—Jim Savino
Cotati, California

I am deeply in love with Marjoe Gortner's version of the Last Supper and the Crucifixion (May '84). He definitely has insight made of gold—before the price went down. My opinion is that he who condemns this specific pictorial has got to be looking at it with closed eyes—and a closed heart. Only one who looks at the human body as being shameful or one who thinks that all privates should be kept private

would condemn this photo-feature.

I myself believe in our Lord very strongly, but by no means am I a church-going Christian. I couldn't handle the hypocrisy of most churches I've been to. I'm not speaking for the Lord, but when I saw your layout, I knew He must be honored for having this *beautiful* pictorial done with Him in mind.

My husband was looking at it last night and exclaimed, "Wow! Look at those beautiful pussies!"

Well, that kind of hurt my feelings. Oh, I don't mind if he sees a lot of that (only in a magazine though), but what bothered me was the way he looked at this particular photo-set. So I said, "Maybe you should look at it as it really is—the Last Supper and the Crucifixion—instead of just a bunch of pussy." We now have that beautiful centerfold hanging inspirationally on our bedroom wall.

I want to say thank you, Marjoe Gortner—with all my heart and soul. And I'll certainly see you in heaven if I make it. Also, if there is anyone out there who wants to cast stones at Marjoe Gortner, they'd better look at his layout again. Only next time they should take the dirt out of their minds and take the shame out of their hearts. Man was made in the image of God. So what could be dirty about it? We weren't born with clothes on. Think about it.

—Terri L. Hutsler
Llano, California

I think you're a sick bastard, Larry, for making fun of religion—especially the *Celebrity Photo-Fantasy* in your May '84 issue. For this I hope a nun pushes your wheelchair down three flights of stairs. I know you're sick, but you don't have to keep proving it each month. You call Congressman Larry McDonald a hypocrite? How about you?! I thought you were a born-again Christian. Your magazine does have fine photo-features, and *Bits and Pieces* is great. But knock off the religious bullshit.

—The Bologna Bopper
Sun Prairie, Wisconsin

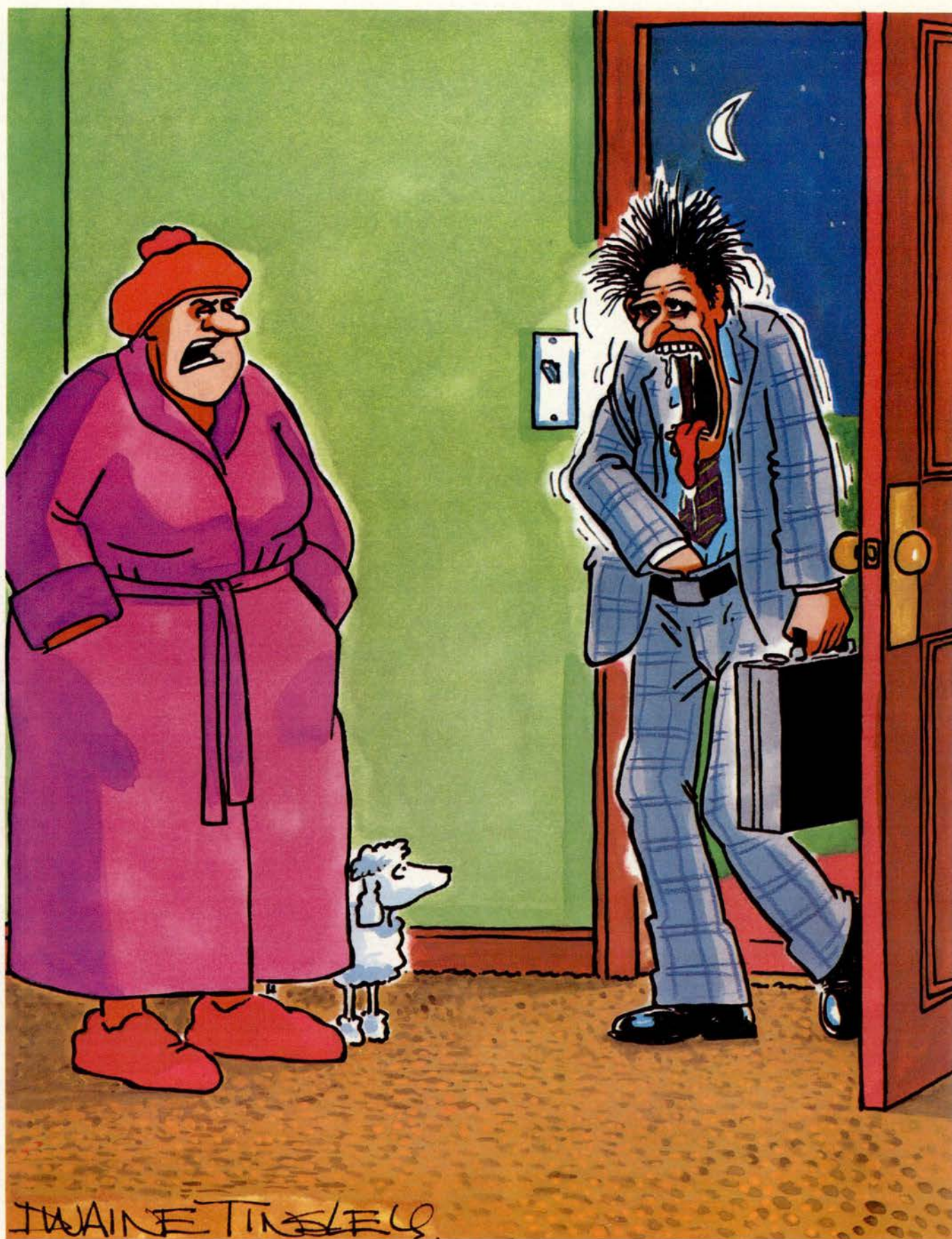
Larry Flynt no longer considers himself to be a born-again Christian.

We wish to register our protest of your May '84 issue of *HUSTLER* Magazine. We find particularly objectionable the *Celebrity Photo-Fantasy* (Marjoe Gortner's Biblical Vision) and your article about Jimmy Swaggart (*Asshole of the Month*). We believe Gortner's photo-set is blasphemous, and the Jimmy Swaggart piece is written in such poor taste that even if it's true, it's vulgar.

We also wish to take this opportunity to tell you that although we are unable to approve of your magazine's pictures and articles, God loves you. The real message of



"Look at it this way, Vince . . . those hemorrhoids have made you a good three inches taller. . . ."



"Aha! You stopped off at one of those sleazy porno flicks again, didn't you?"

the Bible is that Jesus came to transform our lives so as to love Him and to live a holy life.

—Ronald E. Bula, Minister,
and 38 Members of the Congregation
Ellen Moore United Methodist Church
Fairfield, Illinois

Is Larry Flynt in jail or an insane asylum? Who in the hell approved the May Biblical Vision pictorial (Marjoe Gortner's fantasy)? What a waste of paper and a misuse of some great-looking girls.

Where's the pink? I read HUSTLER for great-looking women, not verses from the Bible. Whoever thought this garbage was a turn-on is really fucked up. What a waste of money. You could have taken just one of the girls in the set, done a pictorial in the true HUSTLER manner and had a winner.

Where the fuck is HUSTLER's Honey for May? I can't believe you didn't have one and instead contributed 24 pages to some asshole and his unbelievably boring fantasy.

Straighten up or lose a customer, guys.

Marjoe Gortner's photo-fantasy in the May '84 issue elicited more Feedback letters than we've received since HUSTLER Publisher Larry Flynt was shot in 1978. For his efforts to ban the sale of that issue in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Mayor Richard Caliguiri was named August's Asshole of the Month (see

page 21). As for Larry Flynt, at press time he remained incarcerated at the Federal Correctional Institution in Butner, North Carolina.

CONJUGAL VISITS:

Regarding your Guest Editorial "Females for Felons" (June '84), conjugal visits should be allowed and encouraged in all adult state and federal penal institutions. Men behind the walls should have regular sexual access to their wives. Married adult women prisoners should also be able to consummate their marriages while incarcerated. All this would have a healthy result insofar as family relationships are concerned. Girlfriends and fiancées would be encouraged to marry their men-in-prison. Stress would be greatly reduced. Violence would decrease. Morale would improve and flourish. Divorce rates would drop significantly. Hope would bloom in the penitentiaries, and all the world would be a happier place.

—Dr. O. M. Smaw
Nashville, Tennessee

LEARY PLAUDITS:

Bravo, bravo, Tim Leary, for your very fine article in the March '84 issue of the greatest magazine on the market (Guest Editorial, "The Joy of Pornography"). I hope Mr. Flynt never stops printing it like it is. I love to see pink, and I feel the courts are denying me my right to look at and

read what I want to look at. Maybe I should sue the courts?

—Steve Austin
Waldron, Arkansas

BLACK & WHITE:

I am black, and my boyfriend, Jeff, is white. He buys HUSTLER a lot, and every now and then you'll show a black man with a white woman. Why don't you ever show a white man with a black woman? Do you only give priorities to white women? I love it when Jeff's long white dick slides in and out of my pussy. Lots of black men won't eat pussy because they think it's nasty, but they still expect a woman to give head. I found out white men love to eat pussy. How about some pictures of white men and black women? A lot of us sisters love white meat.

—Michelle
Titusville, Florida

BEAVER LOVERS:

My wife and I really enjoy HUSTLER Magazine, especially the June '84 *Beaver Hunt*. We would like to see more of Exene from Anderson, South Carolina. We live there, and this is the first local woman we've seen in your magazine. My wife would love to make it with Exene.

—Glenn and Joan Dickerson
Anderson, South Carolina

As long as you keep printing *Beaver Hunt*, I'll keep my subscription active. In the May '84 issue two Tinas, Becca, Wendy, Alisha, Cindy B., Delores, Rhe, Kathy, two Lisas and Joanna are really sexy, and I stroke my cock for all of them. Also, "Face" from Round Lake Park, Illinois, really drives me wild! Please, please, please, try to get her to do an entire photo-set. The way "Face" spreads her cunt is fantastic, and that smile which says she loves showing it off is the greatest turn-on of all. I'm going to go to Round Lake Park and stand around until I see her walk by. But meanwhile, please try to get her to pose for more photos, and next time show us her tits.

—Don Robertson
Arlington Heights, Illinois

WHERE'S HONEY?

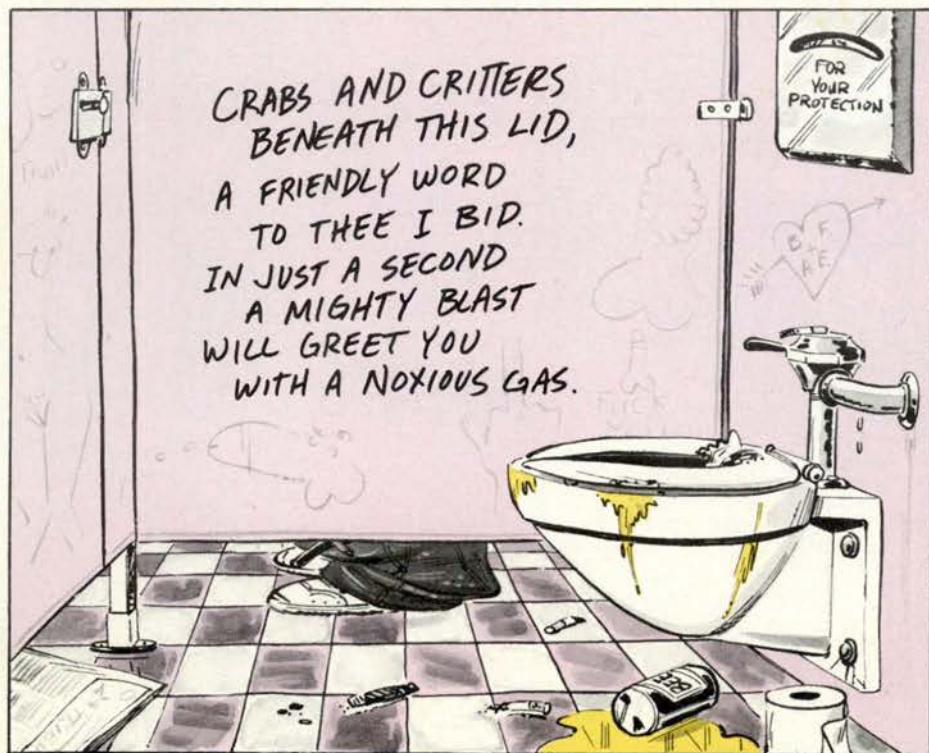
Please put back the old *Honey* cartoon and get rid of this new piece of shit I saw in the March '84 issue. It was really sick. You had a great feature with the old *Honey*—please bring her back, as I always looked forward to that part of HUSTLER, which is great.

—Richard Berlin
Pomona, California

Look for *Honey's* return in our October '84 issue.

Got a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (preferably typed or neatly printed) to Feedback, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

GRAFFILTHY



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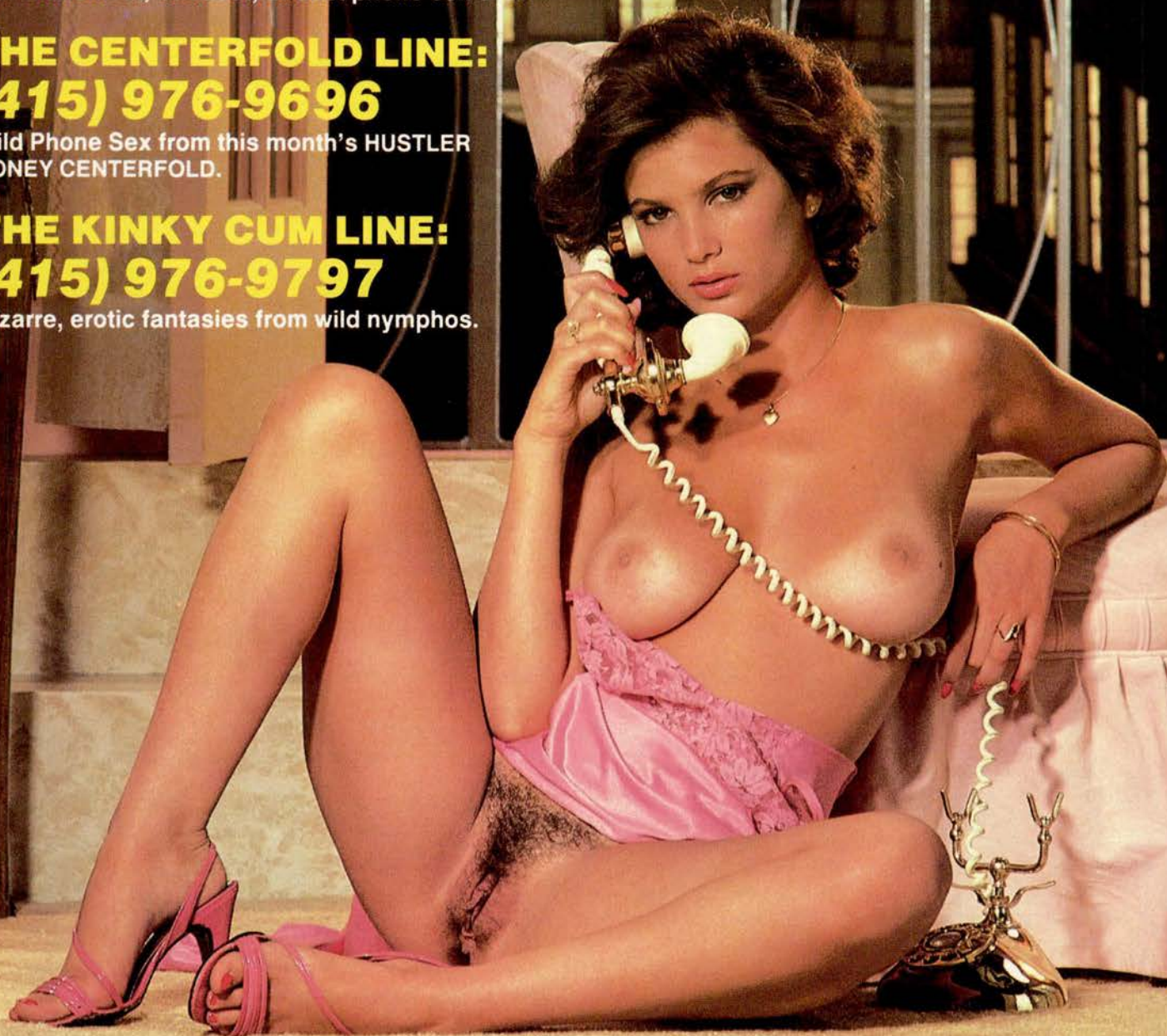
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THIS MONTHS TOP 40

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|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1 PAMELA MANN (Special★) | <input type="checkbox"/> 21 FIONA ON FIRE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 2 INSIDE SEKA | <input type="checkbox"/> 22 HIGH SCHOOL MEMORIES |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3 BARBARA BROADCAST | <input type="checkbox"/> 23 DRACULA EXOTICA |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 4 NIGHTDREAMS | <input type="checkbox"/> 24 ALICE IN WONDERLAND |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 5 INSIDE JENNIFER WELLES | <input type="checkbox"/> 25 DOWNSTAIRS/UPSTAIRS |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> 13 LITTLE ORPHAN DUSTY | <input type="checkbox"/> 33 DEVIL IN MISS JONES |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 14 SEX WORLD | <input type="checkbox"/> 34 EROTIC ADVT. OF CANDY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 15 TALES OF TIFFANY LUST | <input type="checkbox"/> 35 HUSTLER VIDEO #1 |
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WASHINGTON DAISY CHAIN

Potomac Lowdown

Gay Sex in the Bushes and \$300 Hookers by Larry Flynt

The towering marble monument recreates a stirring photograph that captured one of the most dramatic moments of World War II: U.S. Marines planting the Stars and Stripes on the remote Pacific island of Iwo Jima. But what happens at night in the park surrounding Washington's Iwo Jima Memorial would sicken every American who ever took cover in a foxhole or raced ashore from an LST. The area has become the most notorious homosexual pickup spot in the nation's capital. Planting the flag takes on a whole new meaning as Congressional aides and unemployed young men openly service one another's orifices and see stars when they climax. Several years ago one Capitol Hill staffer was found murdered in the bushes—the victim of what police called a gay-bashing episode.

Public places having some connection with the military seem to be the favorite locations for making homosexual contacts in Washington. A few miles down George Washington Parkway, adjacent to a marina and the Pentagon, is little-noticed Lyndon Johnson Park. In the spring hundreds of daffodils bloom near pine trees; the elaborate plantings are meant as a tribute to the Johnson Administration's efforts to beautify the countryside.

But the foliage also provides handy cover during the late afternoons and early evenings, when well-dressed, professional-looking men stroll or jog slowly around paths leading to and from a statue of the late Commander-in-Chief. Others simply sit in cars in the parking area, waiting to be approached by possible partners.

About eight blocks from Capitol Hill are the barracks at Eighth and I Streets S.E. that house Marines who guard the President. The barracks are only blocks from a series of scandalous



Erected in 1954, the Iwo Jima Memorial is one of Washington's top tourist attractions by day. But at night, in the monument's shadows, erections of a different sort attract local residents.

leather and pickup bars for gay men and lesbians that make their downtown counterparts near Dupont Circle look like Romper Room.

Why the coincidence of homosexual pickup spots and a military presence? One gay Washingtonian says he and his like-minded friends may be subconsciously attracted to the short-cropped hair, precision and well-built bodies of men in uniform. Along Eighth Street, in fact, some young gays are indistinguishable from their military neighbors in civilian clothes, which undoubtedly helps explain the recurring brawls that take place between Marines and gays along that kinky thoroughfare.

* * *

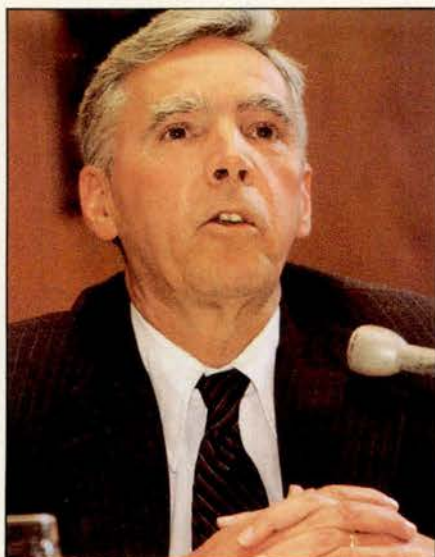
Red-blooded heterosexuals often have to look a little harder for easy sex—and pay a lot more—than their gay counterparts. A few years ago the streetwalkers on 14th Street were so bold that they would open a man's car door at a red light and slide in for a fast fondle and sales pitch. Hooker headquarters was Le Marquis, a 14th Street B-girl bar where strippers

would do their acts on a small, intimate stage and then join customers for the traditional expensive drinks and handjobs. A big spender (someone willing to pay \$100 for a cheap bottle of New York State champagne) could retire upstairs with the woman of his choice. One of the fun couples that dallied at Le Marquis was former Congressman Wilbur Mills and stripper Fanne Foxe.

These days 14th Street still boasts a couple of lukewarm B-girl bars, but the real action has moved to tonier areas. A gentleman can drop as much as \$300 to buy a woman at the bar of a glossy, expense-account restaurant on K Street, near the offices of lawyers and lobbyists. And a decent outcall girl can inflict a \$150 dent on a credit card. In the long run it might be cheaper to be gay—or the best of all possible worlds, a gay military officer.

* * *

The same day the U.S. Postal Service's board of governors approved the filing of a \$3.5-million postage-rate hike last winter, the *Federal Times* reported that Postmaster General



When high-flying Postmaster William Bolger talked about airmail, he really meant it.

William Bolger was leasing a \$1.65-million Cessna Citation II executive jet with an option to buy. Bolger decided to go through with the purchase a couple of months ago, making some big-hearted remarks about the plane's really being for the use of his successor after he retires later this year. Answering a barrage of criticism, Bolger argued that the plane would save postal executives time and permit more efficient service to small towns.

Now it turns out that between November and February about half of the plane's flights carried only one passenger and flew to cities already served by commercial airlines. Keep that in mind when you have to start licking 25¢ stamps.

* * *

Former Secretary of State Alexander Haig won't admit it, but his book that reveals how the Reagan Administration botches foreign policy was written by a low-profile ghostwriter, an ex-CIA covert operator who quit the agency to write spy novels. The man behind the scenes of *Caveat* is 53-year-old Charles McCarry, now an editor at the *National Geographic* but better known as the author of a series of espionage novels such as *The Tears of Autumn* and *The Secret Lovers*.

Haig downplays McCarry's role, giving him only a polite, one-sentence thanks in the book's acknowledgments. That's fine with McCarry, who tells inquiring reporters he really just helped with the book's structure. But actually, McCarry wrote it.

Ten years of working undercover with the CIA reinforced his inclina-

tion toward staying in the background. None of McCarry's books have his photograph on the jacket, and he'd prefer no one knew of his role in the Haig memoir either.

* * *

According to a report by the Congressional Military Reform Caucus on the performance of the American military, the Army was a bust during last year's controversial invasion of Grenada. While the Marines performed admirably, Army troops generally were improperly equipped, badly organized, failed to gain most of their assigned objectives and had poor communications.

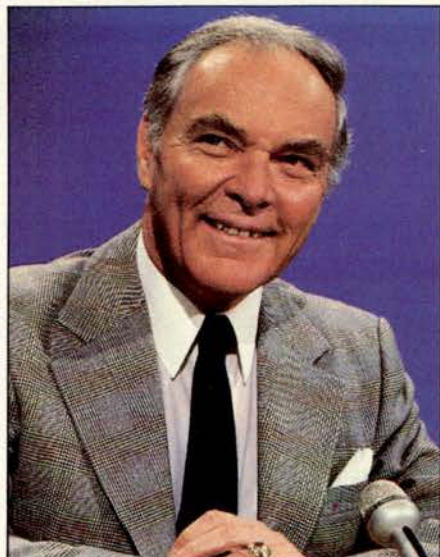
But you wouldn't know that by counting the medals the Pentagon awarded following the withdrawal of combat forces in December. Although only 7,000 of its personnel fought in Grenada, the Army has generously bestowed—at last check—more than 8,600 decorations. By contrast, the Marines and Navy have requested fewer than 200 medals. Even stranger is the fact that some of the medals the Army handed out went to soldiers who didn't even see Grenada, but stayed behind at the Pentagon.

* * *

U.S. Information Agency chief Charles Wick was praised by his old pal Ronald Reagan after coming under fire for secretly taping telephone conversations a few months ago. Compare that to the experience of two Government Service Administration employees who were receiving obscene messages and death threats over their home and office phones. In an attempt to identify the perpetra-



When USIA head Charles Wick reached out and touched someone, he taped the conversations.



When former Secretary of State Alexander Haig published his memoirs, the writer was a ghost.

tor, the men tape-recorded their incoming calls and then turned them over to GSA officials and the FBI. The result: several days' suspension because they'd recorded calls on government telephones.

* * *

While you may be cursing the amount of income tax you're paying, consider some of your fellow citizens who actually send extra money to Uncle Sam in order to finance more weapons, diminish the federal deficit or appease a guilty conscience. Every day the Treasury Department receives unsolicited money from taxpayers who say they want to atone for having filched government-owned items at one time or another in their lives.

"This check for \$1,300 is to make restitution of tools, leave days and other things I stole while I was in the Navy from '62 to '67," reads one letter. A St. Louis resident regularly remits all the pennies, nickels and dimes he finds on the street, because he considers them to be government property. Every Fourth of July a man in the Midwest sends a birthday card to Uncle Sam with a \$10 or \$20 check signed simply, "Your Nephew."

The biggest windfall comes from the estate of an oil-rich Texas woman who died in 1957 and left the interest on her bonds to reduce the national debt. Each year a check for about \$90,000 arrives at the Treasury Department from the executor of her estate.

(For future *Washington Daisy Chain* columns, HUSTLER will pay \$1,000 for every anonymous tip that appears in print. The confidentiality of tip sources will be stringently protected by HUSTLER.)

DEAR GRANNY

Got a problem? You need some advice, but don't know where to turn? No matter what the hassle—your girl and your best friend or your girlfriend and man's best friend—no problem! *Dear Granny* has an answer. It may not be the answer, but it will sure as hell be the kind of advice your mother never gave you—but probably should have! Send your questions, problems and tales of woe to: *Dear Granny*, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

DEAR GRANNY: When my wife and I were dating and during the early years of our marriage, she'd do anything for me. But we've been married eight years, and since the birth of our second child she's let her body go to hell. She used to have great tits and a cute ass, but now everything sags. I know the honeymoon can't last forever, and I'm probably being selfish, but I can't help being turned off by the sight of her nude body and turned on to every woman I see who has nice boobs. I've asked my lady to exercise, and I keep my body in shape for her, but she's too lazy. Should I dump her and get a real woman who cares about me?

—Hag's Mate
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Dear Hag's: No, she should dump you and get a real man who cares about her. It sounds to me as if this woman's been doing everything you've asked for eight years, and now she's just worn out. And a woman who puts herself at the beck and call of a demanding mate for that long probably never had a lot of self-respect in the first place. Furthermore, after a long day of keeping an eye on two small children, you wouldn't be ready for the advanced class at Jane Fonda's either. What your wife needs is encouragement and understanding. Try hiring a baby-sitter so the two of you can go to the gym together. And tell your wife that you want her to come with you because you get lonely for her when she's not there. Tell her she should take care of her body because it's beautiful and deserves the attention. Whatever you do, though, resist the impulse to tell her to take care of her body because you're beautiful. She's liable to disagree.

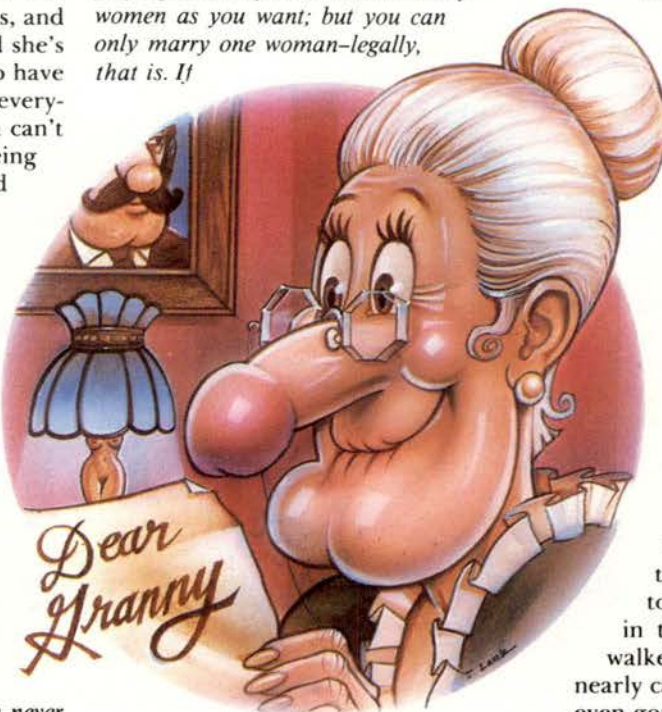
DEAR GRANNY: I'm a 21-year-old Navy airman from Aiken, South Carolina, and I have what you might call a relationship problem. Actually, I have three of them. They're all wonderful girls, and I love all three of them equally. I really don't want to have to give any of them up, but it's gotten to the point where they all want to get engaged to me when I come home in a few months.

Should I tell each of them about the
HUSTLER AUGUST

other two, or should I just lie to them and avoid the engagement issue completely? Perhaps I should get engaged to all three of them? Or what if I forgot them altogether and moved on to someone new? Granny, this situation is so confusing. What advice do you have for me?

—Two Too Many
FPO New York

Dear Two: Get out of the Navy, move to Beverly Hills and start charging by the hour. You've gotten to a point in your young life where it's time to make a decision. When it comes to playing around, you can have as many women as you want; but you can only marry one woman—legally, that is. If



you can't decide whether it's going to be *bachelorette* number 1, 2 or 3, dump 'em all and start over. If a commitment's what they're after and if you're not willing to give it to them, it's only fair that they feel free to play the field too. And at 21 your romantic career is just beginning. In fact, I'd say it's off to a very promising start.

DEAR GRANNY: I have a problem I hope you can help me with. I'm 26, male and fairly good-looking. You might say I have a baby face, because I look about 18. There's this young guy at my office whom I suspect wants to get into my pants. I've noticed him eyeing my crotch and then looking me straight in the eyes and grinning. The other day he was at my desk leafing through my copy of HUSTLER and admiring the long cock on one of your male models. He said, "Look at that hunk!" Then I thought I heard him mumble, "I'd love to suck your meat."

My question is, if he ever really came on to me—I mean, made a blatant pass at me—

how should I handle it? I'm single and have never had a homosexual experience. This guy is handsome, and if he did ask, I don't know what I'd do. I had a dream the other night that I was sucking his big cock and that he shot off in my mouth and then fucked me up the ass. I awoke with a huge hard-on and jacked off. I think I'd like to make love to him, but I don't know how to get the ball rolling. Any suggestions, Granny?

—Coy Boy
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Dear Coy: You could always try standing naked by the water cooler—or pulling down your pants and bending over the next time he walks into your office. Sweetheart, it sounds to me as if his balls have been rolling (and aching) for a while, and now they're definitely in your court. All you have to do is extend an invitation.

DEAR GRANNY: I've had this problem for years, and I feel it's time to seek help and let my feelings out once and for all. I'm madly in love with my mother-in-law. My wife knows how I feel and tells me things like what her mother looks like in the nude. She's even provided me with pictures of her mother naked for me to jerk off to. The closest I've actually gotten to seeing the woman of my dreams in the flesh is when I accidentally walked in on her in the bathroom. I nearly came in my pants right there. I've even gone through her garbage looking for used sanitary napkins and discarded underwear.

Granny, how can I get this woman in the sack? She's been divorced for 15 years; so there should be no problem there. She's probably as horny as I am, but I'm not sure how she'd react to the idea of an affair with her own son-in-law. Should my wife and I ask her together? Please help me, Granny. I need this woman!

—Desperate
Kulpmont, Pennsylvania

Dear Desperate: You could try blackmailing her with those nude pictures. At her age she'd probably do anything to get them back. I hate to pass judgment, but you and your wife sound like a couple of sickos. If your mother-in-law found out you were getting off on her old sanitary napkins, she not only wouldn't go to bed with you, she'd probably have you arrested. For that matter, I doubt she'd sleep with you under any circumstances. After all, you are married to her daughter, and asking her might make for a very miserable family situation. Sweetie, you don't need that woman.

What you need is to move to another town—where the lure of her garbage can isn't so tempting.

DEAR GRANNY: Last month I turned 18, and I have never had sex with a woman. I've always been a loner and have never had any interest in hard rock or hookers. I've always liked easy-listening music and classy ladies who are older than I am. Is there something wrong with me?

—Inhibited
Providence, Rhode Island

Dear Inhibited: No, you just have lousy taste in music.

DEAR GRANNY: Why is so much emphasis placed on the size of a man's penis? I'm a 57-year-old widower who enjoys sex with women both older and younger than myself, and I have no trouble satisfying my sexual partners. Though my cock is only about 5½ inches long, I've never had any complaints about it.

Don't men know that it's the technique they use during sex that arouses a woman, not their cock size? Lips, tongue, fingers and a good knowledge of a woman's erogenous zones are far more important to good sex than having a nine- or ten-inch schlong. During penetration the main thing that gets a woman off isn't how far in you go, but the amount of clitoral stim-

ulation you give her by rubbing your shaft against her love button or by pressing your pubic mound against hers.

Granny, please tell all those short-peckered guys out there who invest in bogus "penis pumps" and other items which supposedly increase cock size that the old adage still holds: "It's not the size of the train that gets you where you're going, but the expertise of the engineer."

By the way, I love your column. It beats *Dear Abby* all to hell. —The Right Stuff
Palm Desert, California

Dear Right Stuff: Darling, I'd ride your engine anywhere! I couldn't agree with you more, and I hope all my "short-peckered friends" out there are listening. These are my last words on penis size: If you think it's too small, stroke it a few times. It'll grow.

DEAR GRANNY: I'm a 22-year-old guy with a very frustrating problem. I can't seem to sustain an erection during intercourse for more than five minutes before I come. I've had this problem for six years now and, needless to say, it's quite distressing. Sometimes after climaxing once, I can get hard again an hour later and then fuck for up to 30 minutes without coming. What's wrong with me? Do I have some kind of hormone imbalance?

—Too Much Too Soon
Durham, North Carolina

Dear Too Much: I don't know. Have you tried balancing your hormones lately? Premature ejaculation is usually a problem of the mind rather than the hormones. The ability to hold back from ejaculating involves recognizing when you're about to come and then doing something about it, whether it's thinking about something other than sex or just clamping down on your pubic muscles, the same way you would to hold back urine. Try practicing some of these techniques during masturbation. Otherwise, you could always find yourself a woman who loves second helpings.

DEAR GRANNY: My girlfriend and I have had a wonderful sex life ever since she learned to have orgasms about four months ago. We're both 19 and hornier than hell; so we like to make love twice or even three times a day. But that's the problem. My girlfriend's great the first time around, but a few hours later—when I'm hard again, she's wet again, and we're both ready—she can't have intercourse, because it hurts when I enter her. At first I accused her of using this pain as an excuse to get out of making love a second time, but we've discussed it, and I now believe her pain is for real. What's causing this, Granny?

—Waiting for Seconds
Knoxville, Tennessee

Dear Waiting: My exercise instructor keeps telling me, "No pain, no gain," but I don't believe her. As far as I'm concerned, the kind of discomfort your girlfriend's experiencing sounds like a symptom of some health problem—probably a vaginal infection. Take her to a gynecologist and have it checked out. And the next time she tells you something hurts, don't be a pain in the ass.

DEAR GRANNY: I'm a single guy who loves sex, has a good-sized cock and happens to be uncircumcised. I love to satisfy women by holding out as long as possible before I come. I was wondering, could I hold back from coming longer if I were circumcised? And do women prefer circumcised cocks?

—Uncut
Rockhold, Kentucky

Dear Uncut: As my cousin Gertrude used to say, "A cock is a cock is a cock. . . ." Although I agree with her, I've heard most American women prefer circumcised penises simply because most American men are circumcised; so anything else looks a little odd to them. In other countries, though, where the opposite is true, the women are more like me—they'll take anything they can get! As far as holding out longer is concerned, there are some doctors who feel that circumcised cocks are less sensitive and that therefore their owners can hold out longer. But in my experience, keeping in the jism has more to do with what's going on in the head on your shoulders than what's attached to the head of your cock.



BITS and PIECES

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, has many good reasons to feel proud. The men who stoke its steel furnaces and feed its forges symbolize the tenacity and grit of the American work force. Its professional football team, the Steelers, is a four-time Super Bowl champion. "We are family!" sang the Pittsburgh Pirates as they won baseball's 1979 World Series. The smoke and smog that once enveloped the downtown Golden Triangle are things of the past. The Allegheny, Monongahela and Ohio rivers that converge in the city are no longer polluted.

But the 400,000 citizens of Pittsburgh have nothing to be proud of when they look to their mayor. Richard Caliguiri is a political hack who blatantly tramples the laws of the city and the nation while forcing his narrow-minded thinking on those he governs. Last April this one-man vigilante committee took it upon himself to decide that the May '84 issue of *HUSTLER* was offensive and distasteful—even though he supposedly had never read a copy. Then he threatened to arrest and prosecute news dealers who continued to sell it. Caliguiri's bully-boy tactics and total disregard for the First Amendment rights of his constituents have earned him a dubious distinction: He's our unanimous choice for August Asshole of the Month.

HUSTLER has often been the target of ambitious, self-serving politicians. Caliguiri, who is expected to run for reelection next year and then seek the Pennsylvania governorship in 1986, is no

Richard Caliguiri



exception. Soon after the issue with our controversial cover and *Celebrity Photo-Fantasy* depicting the Last Supper and Crucifixion hit the newsstands, Caliguiri realized that he could grab some front-page headlines, ingratiate himself to Pittsburgh's new bishop and solidify his power base among Catholic voters by denouncing *HUSTLER*.

"I have been informed of the content of this month's edition of *HUSTLER* Magazine and am outraged that a publisher would distribute so offensive and distasteful a magazine, especially during this religious season," he said in a

statement issued by City Hall. "... As a sign of your commitment to this city and its citizens, I urge every businessperson who sells *HUSTLER* to immediately remove the so-called Easter edition from their shelves and send all copies to the publisher or distributor."

And then came the capper, a statement that exposes Caliguiri for what he really is—a ruthless censor who would be more at home in a police state than a democracy like America. "Your cooperation will eliminate the need for the city to engage in a massive sweep of all newsstands and stores and the initi-

ation of criminal proceedings under the state or local obscenity laws against all those who persist in selling this magazine."

The danger of Caliguiri's irresponsible action was neatly summed up by Cleveland attorney Bernard A. Berkman, a nationally known expert on Constitutional law. "When a mayor or police officer... tells people what they may sell or read in the area of freedom of expression, they're invading the freedom of adults to examine whatever they want and make a decision for themselves," he said.

Even though Caliguiri's grandstand play would never have stood up to the test of obscenity currently on the books, his actions portend an even more ominous eventuality. If he succeeded in intimidating news dealers into removing *HUSTLER* from their racks, how far would he go the next time something displeased him? Might he use his civic muscle to banish *Time* or *Newsweek* or possibly an anti-Caliguiri editorial in, say, the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*?

Now that all the political hot air has subsided, we'd like to publicly thank Mayor Caliguiri for the unexpected publicity bonanza prompted by his irresponsible threats. An informed source tells us that the May issue is now a collector's item in the Pittsburgh area. According to a local news dealer, one of the last brown-paper-wrapped copies available at his store was sold to a priest. Lord knows how he planned to use it.

FARTS IN THE WIND

While not rating "top" honors, other contemptible groups and individuals deserve mention on this page. They are this month's Farts in the Wind.

Like Pittsburgh's "Tricky Dick" Caliguiri, Scranton, Pennsylvania's **POLICE CHIEF FRANK KARAM** launched a personal crusade to have

the May '84 *HUSTLER* yanked from store shelves. "I know all about the Constitution," he muttered, "but I have rights as a police officer and a private citizen to make my feelings known. I am acting as an outraged citizen." Outraged or not, the good chief is paid to be a crimefighter, not a censor.

Indianapolis **MAYOR WILLIAM H. HUDNUT III** signed into law an ordinance that defines pornography as sexual discrimination and a violation of women's rights. The measure purportedly is aimed at distributors of porn and not those who produce the materials or possess them privately. Once again, bluenoses are running roughshod over the First Amendment.

Weird **NIKKI CRAFT** and her wild-

eyed feminist group, the Preying Mantis Women's Brigade, conducted a fanatical rally in Santa Cruz, California, to force a merchant to stop selling *HUSTLER*. Wearing a hooded robe and knee pads, Craft crawled down the sidewalk, writing over and over in chalk, "Violence in the Media = Violence in Society." Craft and her followers discredit the real preying mantis—one of nature's more revered insects.

L'ARNAQUE

HUSTLER EDITION FRANÇAISE

FAUX
TABLEAUX:
LA FILIERE
ITALIENNE

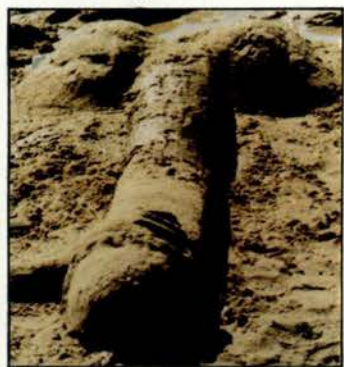
ENTRETIEN
AVEC
LARRY FLYNT

Vive la France

The French are known for the world's fastest supersonic jets, the world's most expensive champagne and a style of soul-kissing that's practiced in almost every movie balcony and parked car from California to Sri Lanka. Now they have something else to be really proud of—*L'Arnaque*. Translated literally, the words mean HUSTLER, and that's ex-

actly what this irreverent, bold and beautiful new publication is. The authorized French version of HUSTLER should provide an eye-popping alternative for readers of *Lui*, *NewLook* and *French Playboy*, and it should pinken their eyes with the sex, savvy and uncompromising sophistication that has made HUSTLER the world's greatest magazine.

Gland in the Sand



A beachcombing HUSTLER reader photographed what appears to be the lower half of basketball great Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. The 7-2 superstar evidently was nude sunbathing at a secluded seaside spot when a group of smartassed kids covered the dozing hulk with sand and ran off. Judging from the shoreline bulge, the Big Man's recently earned title—"All-Time Leading Scorer"—fits in more ways than one.

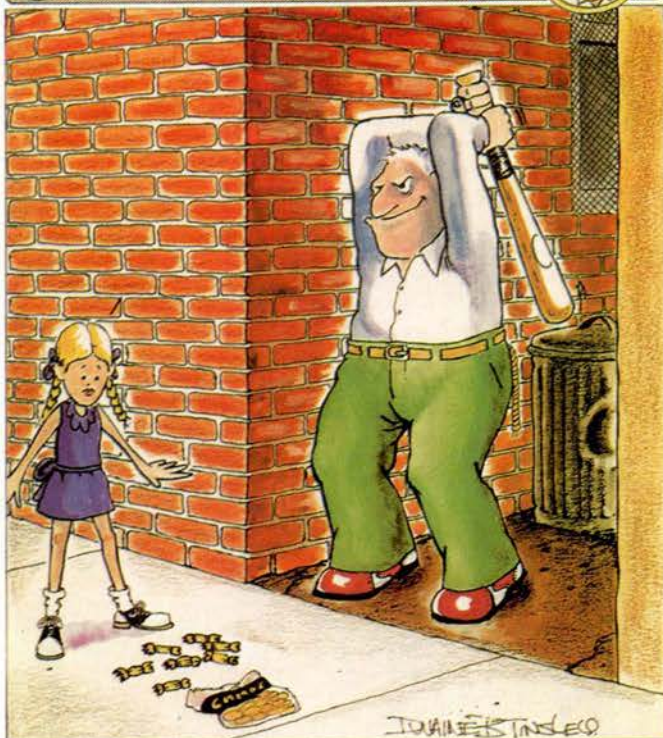
Queerly Departed

San Francisco is a nice place to visit, but you wouldn't want to get fucked in the ass there. In the official AIDS Capital of the World, gays continue to drop like flies—fruit flies, that is. And when they do, many of the corpses are taken to Sweet Dreams, Mary, an exclusive, men-only funeral parlor

where pansies are found in more than just the floral arrangements. The phrase "Laid to Rest" takes on new meaning at Sweet Dreams, Mary, the only funeral parlor where mourners bring along a tube of K-Y Jelly to make it easier to pay their last respects. Special embalming fluids are supplied at no extra charge. For a northern California fag there's no better stopping place after departing for that Great Bathhouse in the Sky.

Nine Years Ago In HUSTLER

CHESTER THE MOLESTER



Since Chester the Molester first assaulted the pages of HUSTLER back in August 1975 with the above cartoon, he's been looking for love in all the wrong places. His dick has frozen solid from porking Jewish girls, and he's been accused of ass-fucking a monkey. In moments of despair he's taken a steamy shit in a movie line, propositioned a poodle, worn the American

flag on his cock and visited such diverse places as a manger in Bethlehem and the Jimmy Carter White House. Cartoon Editor Dwaine Tinsley likes to think of his feverish brainchild as "a combination of Sylvester and Tweetie Pie gone sexually berserk." Readers of this magazine think of Chester as their favorite pervert—as important a part of HUSTLER as the color pink.



MARVIN GAYE SR.'S GREATEST HIT!

Including the alleged
murderer's soulful
rendition of:

*Killing Him
Softly With My .38
and
I Heard the Screams
Through the Grapevine*



Aiming for Success

Bored as a man of the cloth, Marvin Gaye Sr. wanted to taste the glamour of stardom like his son Marvin Jr. Finally he decided to get the lead out and give it a shot. Now, as a high-caliber entertainer, Dad has won notoriety overnight with this new album. Also included are unreleased tracks from Marvin Jr.: "I'll Be Doggone (and Stone Dead)" and "Holy Shit, Daddy, I'm Bleeding."



Sex News Bits

FINAL

■ BUTTE'S MOST WANTED BUTT

OROVILLE, CA—A burglar successfully raided the Butte County Auditor's office, but authorities have a picture of the bum—literally. Police say he pulled down his pants, sat atop the photocopier and shot a moon. It is rumored that women are crowding into local post offices to see the picture on the wanted posters.

■ LOOK, MA, NO HANDS

CONTRA COSTA COUNTY, CA—The mother of a 15-year-old boy is extremely upset at her son's high-school teacher for allowing the boy to bite the testicles off a lamb without her permission. It seems that oral sheep castrations are part of the high school's agriculture curriculum, and up to 30 students had participated in them in the past in order to gain extra credit to boost their grades. Between lonely farmers fucking them up the ass and kids biting their balls off, it's tough to be a sheep these days.

■ A SEDUCTIVE SEDATIVE

BARRIE, ONTARIO, CANADA—"Twilight Sleep," a sedative administered by dentists, has been found to have an interesting side effect on patients—sexual arousal. Dr. Max Saunders of Hamilton, Ontario, has testified that the drug—a combina-

tion of Demerol and a barbiturate—has caused female patients to grab his leg and fondle his crotch. That sort of provocation could prompt a dentist to fill the wrong cavity.

■ DEPOSITS AND WITHDRAWALS

TOKYO, JAPAN—Japanese Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone has embarked on a fierce campaign against the country's so-called lover's banks. These are lending institutions where professional men pay hefty membership fees in order to have sex with their choice from a wide selection of teenage girls, most of them students. Unfortunately for Nakasone, a magazine has revealed that one lover's-bank membership roster included 53 members of Parliament, most from Nakasone's own party. We can safely assume that the prime minister will be stricken from the official government orgy invitation list.

■ GOD ONLY KNOWS

SAN JOSE, CA—A man who told his marital and sex problems to a family counselor feels that his confessions are worth \$5 million. That's the amount sought by Michael Kelly in a lawsuit filed against the counselor for reciting Kelly's confidences to the entire congregation of the Christian Community Church, where the counselor was a member

of the board of elders. Kelly's sex life may be great for church attendance, but for \$5 million we feel he should at least be into S&M or watersports.

■ GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT

ZURICH, SWITZERLAND—A Swiss boutique is offering a new line of bikinis that are made of an edible paper and come in four flavors—cherry, banana, peppermint and passion fruit. But the bikinis should be eaten before the wearer goes swimming, since they dissolve in water. For those of you who have Jewish mothers, avoid swimming for a half an hour after eating a bikini and one hour after a one-piece.

■ PAGING FOR A RECOUNT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Congressman Daniel Crane (R-Illinois) has been awarded a perfect score of 100 by the conservative group Christian Voice for his 1983 votes on 12 "moral and family issues." Yes, that's the same Dan Crane who admitted to having sex with a female page. It's nice to hear that our elected representatives are still living up to their hypocritical oath of office.

■ FIT TO BE THAIED

BANGKOK, THAILAND—A parliamentary panel investigating prostitution revealed that girls as young as 13 were drugged, beaten and

forced to work in slavish conditions at brothels on the resort island of Phuket. The captive girls were paid as little as \$2 a week and compelled to have sex with clients ranging from European tourists to Thai police officers. What does the government expect when you have cities pronounced "fuck-it" and "bang-cock"?

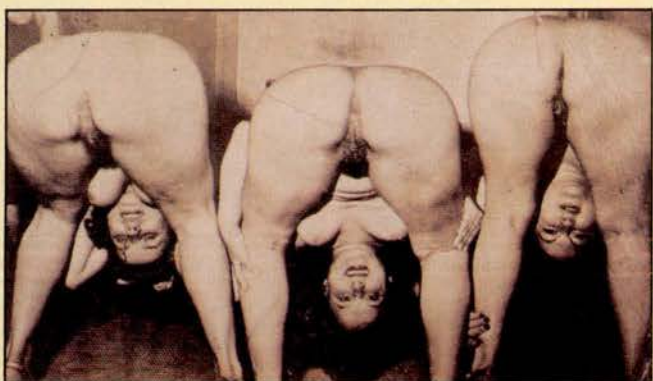
■ THOSE DARN DIETS

VACAVILLE, CA—A 50-year-old man is suing the promoters of the "Cambridge Diet," charging that the regimen caused him to sexually molest a 2½-year-old girl. Daniel Garcia is currently serving a 12-year sentence at Vacaville State Prison, where it will be easier to diet without those nasty side effects.

■ PLEASE, NOT IN FRONT OF THE NEIGHBORS!

FEDERAL WAY, WA—A police officer who was called to respond to an indecent-exposure report found a man and a St. Bernard engaged in a sexual act. The officer felt no crime had been committed, since the dog was the active partner, and the incident occurred out of public view—400 feet from a roadway. The complaint came from a neighbor who first saw the man making a pass at an unwilling donkey. Police didn't speculate on whether the dog and donkey were having a relationship.

Porn from the Past



Manny, Moe and Jack—the famous Pep Boys—are gone now. While everyone is aware of their contribution to the world of automotive parts, few people know anything about their personal lives. Darlene, Dotty and Delilah—the three women in this rare photo—obviously aren't the Pep Boys' wives; but just suppose for a moment that they were. Visualize the boys walking in the front door after a particularly hard day down at the store. Imagine the women

offering this friendly greeting and, in turn, receiving a trio of lubejobs leading to a wild night that kept everybody's engine running till dawn. Stories like these almost bring a tear to the corner of your eye, don't they?

If you have any old porn pix in the trunk of your car, transport them immediately to *Bits and Pieces* (2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054). We pay \$150 for each photo we use. And that ain't just spinning your wheels. . . .

She's Once, Twice, Three Times . . .



© T.N.T. Designs Inc.

Here's a whale of a greeting card from our good friends at T.N.T. Designs (35 W. 24th St., Suite 507, New York, NY 10010). Fortunately, photographer Charles Gatewood brought his wide-angle lens for this shooting, because this model's more than just one eye-ful. How big is she? Well, we don't know in pounds and ounces, but she's obviously one of those girls who are so big that when they sit around the house, they *really* sit around the house. Seriously, though, we applaud T.N.T.'s ambition in taking on such a huge project. And we can't wait to see what these guys will come up with next.

SEX IN MEDIA

HARD SELL—These days it's getting tougher and tougher to tell hardware from a hard-on. This ingenious sales pitch, which appeared in a recent issue of *The Texas Farmer Stockman*,

wig comes off, then the nylons and slip. Before you know it, she's lost her dentures and is reeling around the room like a dyke in heat. Octogenarian lesbianism isn't a pretty picture, but we salute the people at Budweiser, who've come up with this ad alluding to senior citizens' loss of sexual inhibitions after imbibing America's favorite brew. Granny, baby, this Bud's for you. . . .

One phone call can give you a low-cost erection



of a Standard Steel Building

Factory direct savings

22' x 40'	\$ 3,888	\$ 275	\$ 2,900
22' x 60'	5,888	475	4,900
40' x 60'	10,388	875	9,500
40' x 100'	14,414	1,275	13,100
60' x 100'	20,414	1,875	18,500
60' x 120'	22,750	2,075	20,650
80' x 120'	28,414	2,675	25,700

STANDARD STEEL
Call toll-free 1-800-442-4564

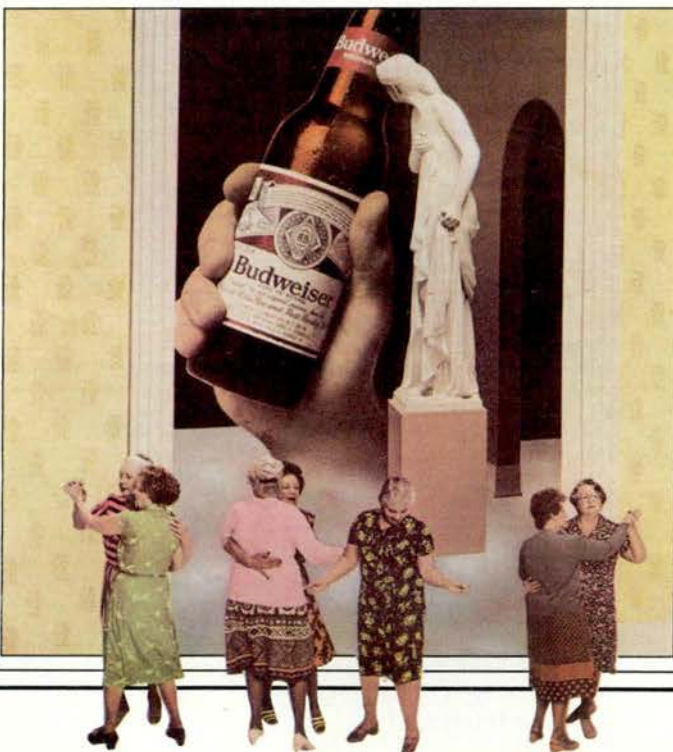
was spotted by one of our alert readers who appreciates groin-grabbing advertising as much as we do. If Standard Steel ever decides to get out of the building industry, it's got a great future ahead in the phone-sex business.

SHAKE IT, GRANDMA!—Sunday dinner—maybe a family gathering—and Grandma has a couple of beers. First the blue

EATING OUT—Motorists passing by this Allentown, Pennsylvania, billboard get the hungries in more ways than one. The proprietors of Jaffry's boast about the shakes and



burgers, but we can't help wondering what *else* is on the bill of fare. If someone would be kind enough to send us a menu from this establishment, we'd be interested in seeing if the *cun-tilental* cuisine includes tongue sandwiches, bearded clams, fur-burgers or pink snapper.



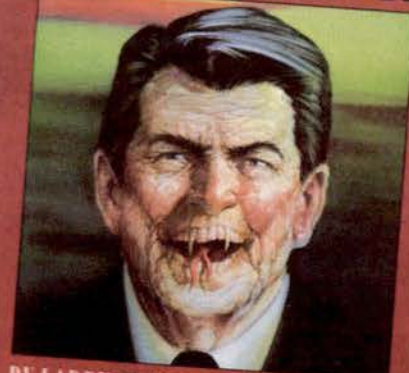
Stewing in Your Own Juices

Sometimes there just aren't enough hours in a day for people on the go. That's why we're happy to plug this nifty new invention called Dine 'n' Dunk—a combination crock pot and hot tub for

those individuals with hectic schedules. With this revolutionary scientific breakthrough, hungry and horny men can now have the pleasure of eating their dinners and their lovers at the same time.



THE SECRET LIFE OF RONALD REAGAN



BY LARRY FLYNT & DONALD FREED

The Real Ronnie

From HUSTLER Press Inc. comes a volume that is bound to make political headlines. *The Secret Life of Ronald Reagan*, written by HUSTLER's Larry Flynt and award-winning playwright Donald Freed, explores the Chief Executive's sinister dealings from his power-hungry days as a Hollywood Red-baiter through his eight years as the fascistic governor of

California and on to the White House, where he continues to trample on cherished democratic ideals. The meticulously researched *Secret Life* contrasts Ronnie's trumped-up media image with the hidden menace he really presents. Pick up a copy at your local bookstore or send \$15—postage paid—to HUSTLER Productions (P.O. Box 67800-5285, Los Angeles, CA 90067).

Mint Condition

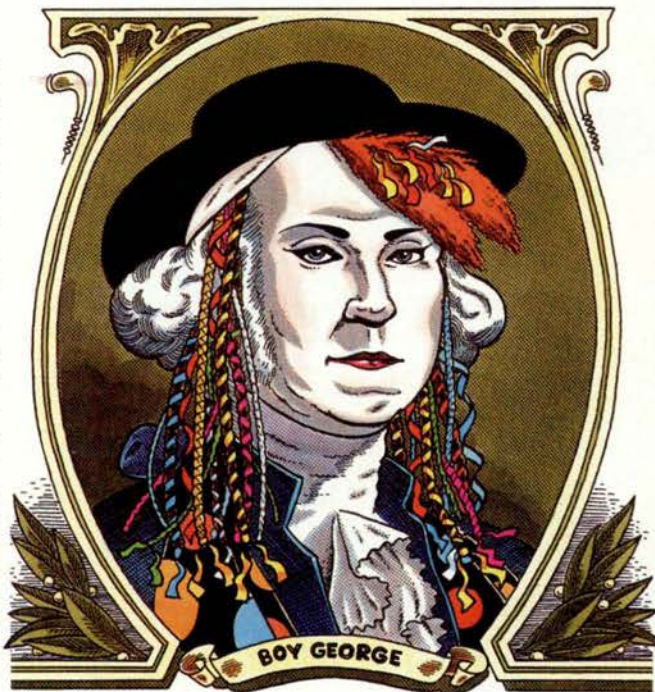
New evidence has come up that James Buchanan, America's only bachelor President, wasn't playing with a full deck. Besides wearing pink-



chiffon dresses and lavender lip gloss, he ordered the U.S. Mint to create a coin bearing a portrait of his penis in flight. Founding members of the Moral Majority persuaded Congress to recall every flying-cock coin—except one. Old Buck kept that for

himself as a souvenir. But it had been missing for 127 years until recently discovered in the collection plate at Reverend Jerry Falwell's Thomas Road Baptist Church in Lynchburg, Virginia. After our photographer snapped this shot, he mistakenly dropped the coin into the slot of a pay toilet.

We cannot tell a lie. Boy George is *not* the Father of Our Country . . . or any other country for that matter. In fact, he probably will never be the father of *anything*. With that in mind, HUSTLER Cartoonist Dan Collins produced this image ideally suited for the \$3 bill. Considering that rock stars are more popular than politicians, the idea could be a winner. Can you see Michael Jackson on the 20 instead of Andrew?



Capitol Hill-arity abounds when these insatiable screwballs sleep with unclean Congressional pages and wind up with



W. Henson **MOORE** ★ Don **YOUNG** ★ Gerry **STUDDS** as Penis Man

A **REAGAN/CASEY** Company Sex-Act Affidavit **STROM THURMOND** Young Girls **DANIEL CRANE**
Production Written by Misdirected by

Black-Boy **JESSE HELMS** Hard-ons by **BILL BONER** Jailbait by **G.A.O. PERSONNEL**
Rectums Filled by

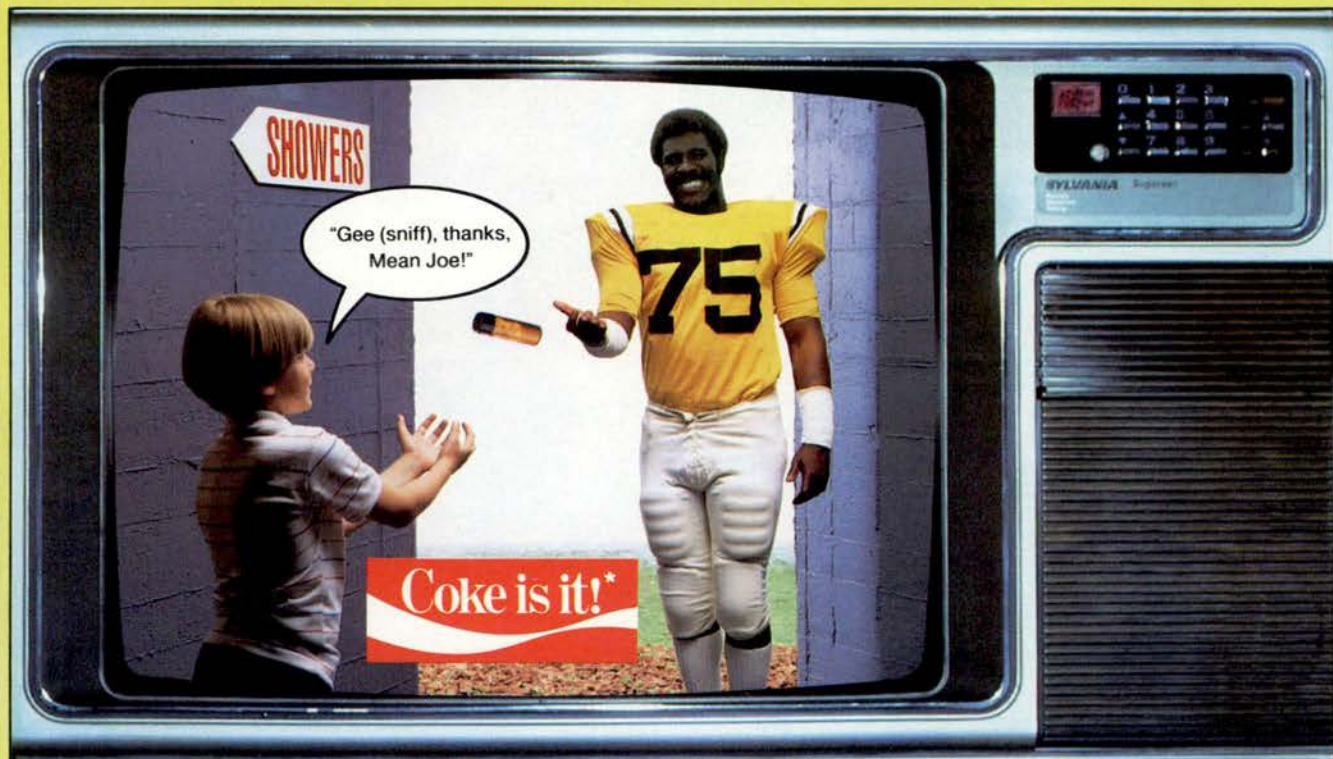
V **VOTERS**
UNDER 17 MEANS IT COULD
BE YOUR KID TOO

Theme Song "ITCHIN' FOR YOUR LOVE" Performed by **DON SUNDQUIST** and the **MOLESTERS**. AN A-200 PYRINATE PICTURE

When the news hits the papers, you know what hits the fan!

*AD PARODY-NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY

A TV Commercial We'd Like to See . . .



*Ad Parody, not to be taken seriously. (Naturally, a Neanderthal jock like Mean Joe wouldn't consent to have his photograph appear in HUSTLER. So this stripped-in parody is presented without his authorization.)

A Head of Its Time

Hey, kids! If you think this toy is a lot of fun, it's no accident. With the popularity of dolls like those depicting Marilyn Monroe and Brooke Shields, it was only a matter of time until the market was ready for a real action-oriented sex-idol doll. You may remember how platinum-haired starlet Jayne Mansfield kissed the rearend of a truck at 70 m.p.h. back in the '60s, severing her head

(and her life) in the process. Well, now you can own the gift item that lets you replay her last moments over and over again. The Jayne Mansfield Doll comes complete with broken glass and fun blood; car, skull fragments and dead dog are sold separately. While many believe that Jayne rose to fame merely because of her body, this doll proves that she had brains as well.



Be a hooker. (or . . . just look like one)



Tired of the 9-to-5 rat race? Interested in making new friends? The Harpiezon School will teach you the ins and outs of the world's oldest profession and provide tricks of the trade on how to become a world-class whore. Our courses include "Dealing With Your Pimp: Why a Fist in the Face Is Better Than a Night in the Slammer"; "Oral Sex: Putting Money Where Your Mouth Is"; "Moaning, Noon and Night: Faking Orgasm Anytime"; "Spotting the Heat: Knowing a Dick When You See One"; "Amputee Sex: The Middle Leg Is Everything"; and much, much more. Send coupon today for your book, or

CALL (212) 555-SLUT
Classes Gere-ing up
for male hustlers too!

THE HARPIEZON SCHOOL OF HOOKING, Dept. X
3 E. Red Light Rd., Bayonne, NJ 07002

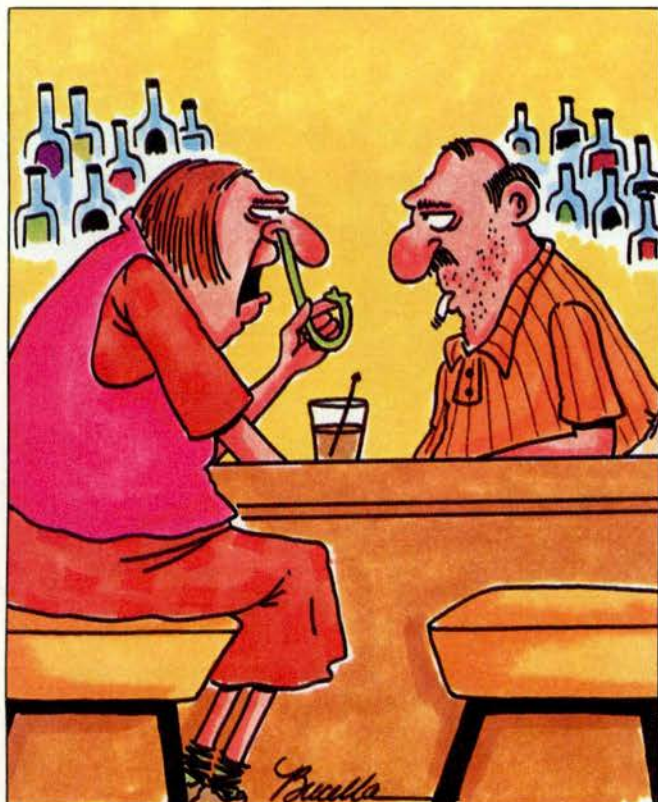
Name _____
Age _____ Phone _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

I Only Have Eyes for Ewe

It's a classic Friday-night problem: You're a horny young farmhand yearning for a sheep thrill but facing the bleak prospect of spending yet another sheepless night alone whacking your raw, red lamb chop. Greasing your palms with Woolite does the job once in a while, but tonight you need real gratification. Prepare to unzip your coveralls, partner. Thanks to Luv Ewe—an inflatable sheep available for \$9.95 from the Acme Gorilla Suit Company (R.D. 3, Dover, OH 44622)—your lonely nights are over. Shepherds from all over the country agree that it's almost like the real thing. And Luv-Ewe is the first choice of even the most dyed-in-the-wool baa-sexuals.



Most Tasteless Cartoon



"Doctor's orders—he told me to eat something green every day."

HUSTLER Update

SUICIDE: THE NATIONAL EPIDEMIC

December '82

HUSTLER's report on our rising suicide rate cited research which suggested that for every person who committed suicide, there were ten to 20 who attempted it. New findings by the University of Washington indicate there may be as many as 1,000 people attempting suicide for every one who successfully takes his life. In the words of one researcher, this suggests that suicidal behavior "may be the rule rather than the exception." The study also links the increase in suicide to the current American fear of emotional pain—a fear that for many is apparently stronger than the fear of death.



CHEMICAL AND GERM WARFARE

February '83

Despite universal condemnation of chemical warfare, those who possess the means to inflict the horror of chemical weapons on their adversaries almost invariably do, as our article pointed out. Iraq is the latest country to use these instruments of terror. In response to this outrage, the U.S. and five European nations imposed stringent restrictions on the export of chemical compounds used in the manufacture of such weapons. The only real solution to the threat posed by chemical warfare, however, is for all nations to destroy stockpiles and cease production of these insidious weapons.



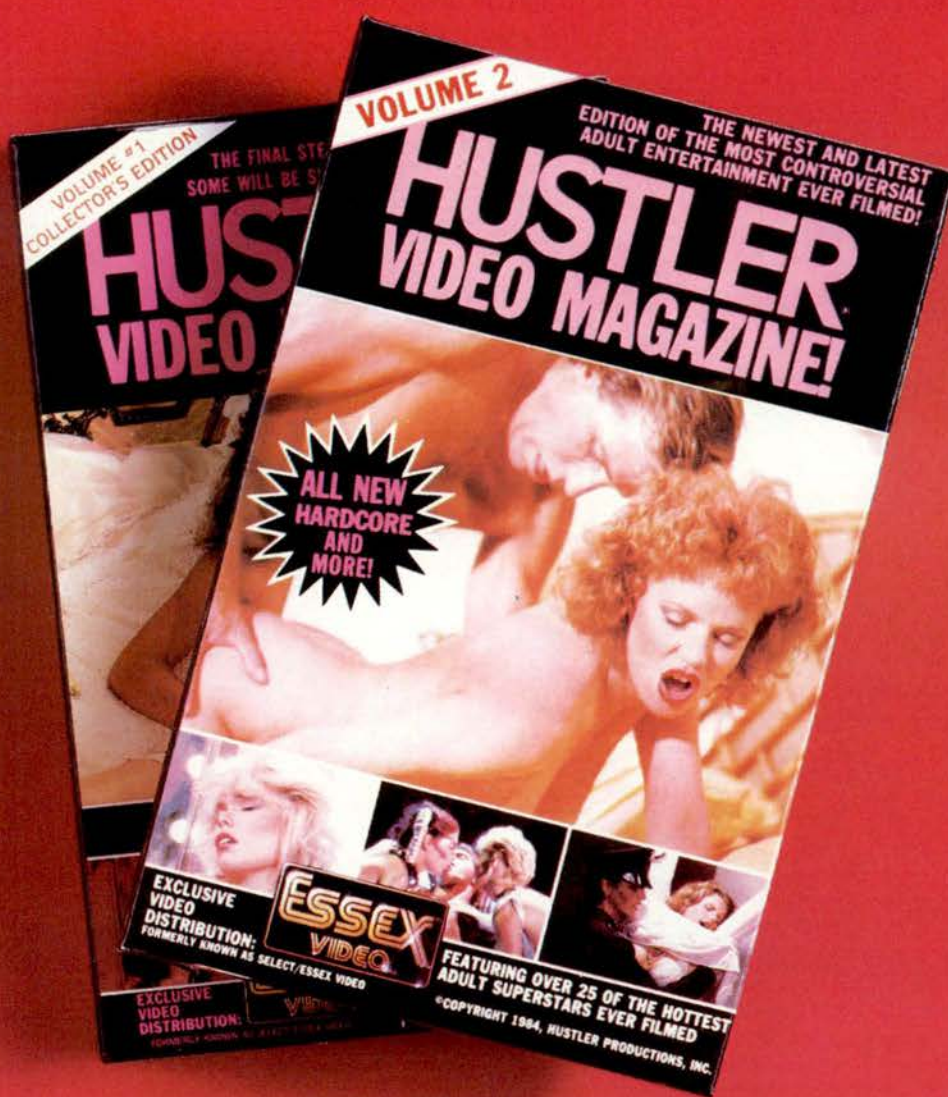
Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$150 for each reader-submitted Bits and Pieces item. In the event that two or more readers' submissions are used in one B&P item, the payment is \$50 for each submission. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For August, \$150 goes to Logan Brinkmeyer, W. J. Chadwick, John Lemos and Daniel F. Nealon. HUSTLER's comments on pictures, people, trademarks and/or copyrighted material ("items") are only its opinion (frequently in the form of parody or satire) based solely on only those facts (including the pictures) disclosed. HUSTLER's use of such items is not authorized by the persons named and/or depicted by the trademark or copyright owners, and no such authorization should be inferred.

REAGAN



THE PHENOMENON CONTINUES



- ☐ Yes, I want to order HUSTLER Video Magazine Volume #1 @\$69.69.
☐ I want to order HUSTLER Video Magazine Volume #2 @\$69.69.
☐ Please send me HUSTLER Video Magazine Volumes #1 & #2 @\$139.38.
☐ Please send me all 4 HUSTLER Video Magazines, mailed quarterly, at the discount price of \$250.00 (a \$27.88 savings over the regular price).

TELEPHONE ORDERS: (800) 423-2093 IN CALIFORNIA: (213) 980-9502
 ENCLOSED PLEASE FIND

☐ CHECK ☐ MONEY ORDER ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD \$ _____
 CA residents add 6% sales tax—No Canadian orders accepted. \$ _____

Expiration date _____ TOTAL \$ _____
 Interbank number _____

MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO: HUSTLER PRODUCTIONS
 P.O. BOX 67800-5285, LOS ANGELES, CA 90067

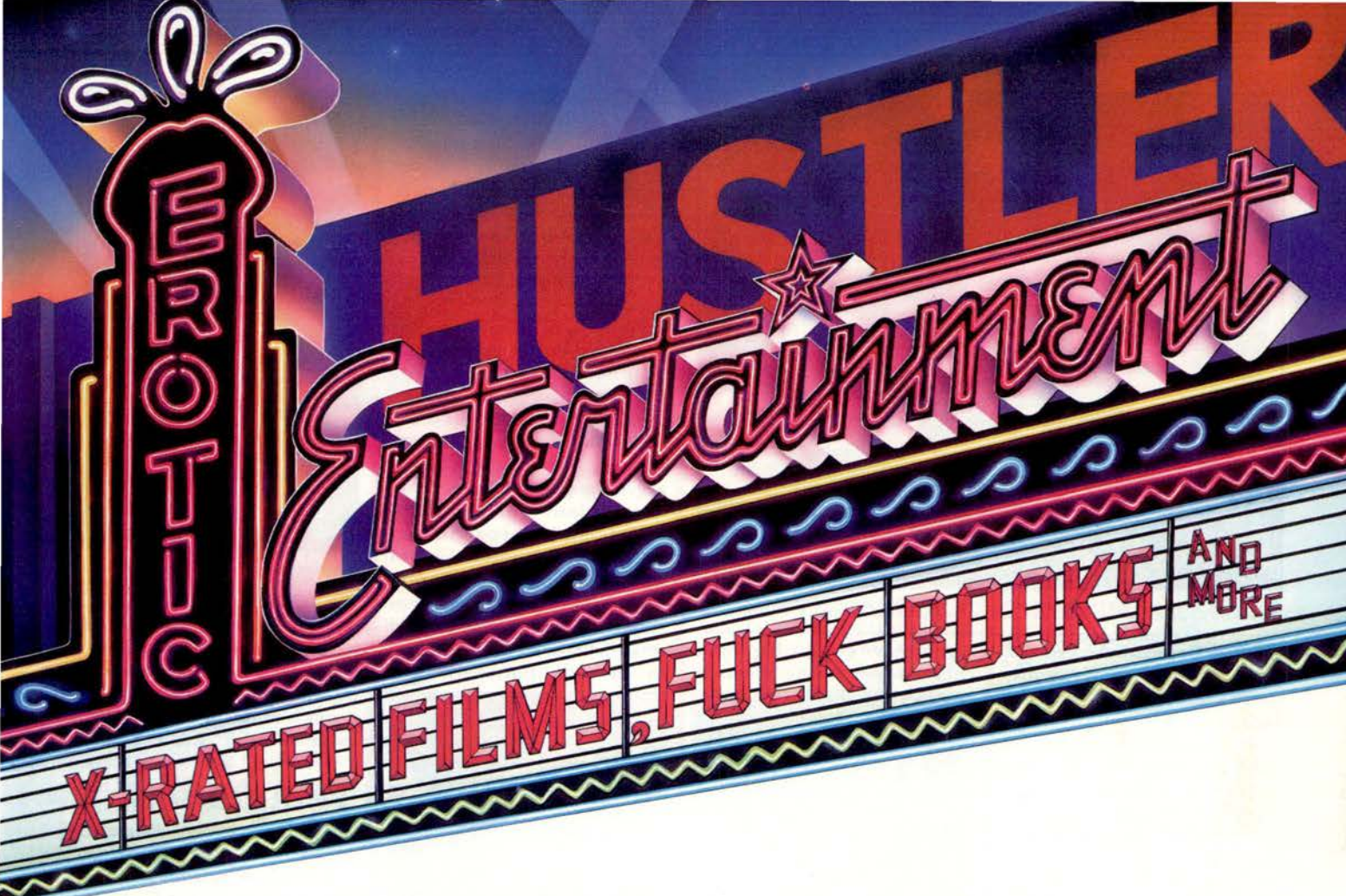
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

**IT'S THE ONE YOU'VE BEEN WAITING
FOR... HARD-CORE AND MORE!**

HUSTLER Video Magazine #1 revolutionized adult home entertainment by bringing to life the unabashed, irreverent and untamed that is HUSTLER. Now the second edition of HUSTLER Video Magazine picks up where #1 left off with even more outrageous hard-core sex, off-the-wall humor and enlightening interviews and reviews. Those who were shocked by HUSTLER Video Magazine #1 will be left breathless by #2. ORDER NOW!



X-RATED FILMS

Edited by Lon M. Friend

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which ones aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to even better productions.

Dixie Ray—Hollywood Star

Fully Erect. Produced by Billy Thornberg; written by Steven Flagg and Dean Rogers; directed by Anthony Spinelli; starring John Leslie, Lisa DeLeeuw, Kelly



Lisa DeLeeuw is a lovely tour de flesh in 'Dixie Ray—Hollywood Star.'

Nichols, Samantha Fox, Veronica Hart, Tom Reese, Hillary Summers, Will Thomas, Billy Thornberg, Juliet Anderson and Cameron Mitchell. Running time: 101 minutes.

For those of you who've been patiently awaiting an adult motion picture that looks, sounds, acts like—and *is*—Hollywood, wait no longer. *Dixie Ray—Hollywood Star* is such a film, a slick, immaculately produced, impeccably performed, delightfully detailed, 100%-hard-core epic that is nothing less than a landmark achievement in X-rated moviemaking. And it's a fucking good flick too!

The story is a Raymond Chandleresque murder mystery about a has-been Hollywood star named Dixie Ray (Lisa DeLeeuw) and the deadly secret she possesses. John Leslie plays private investigator Nick Popodopolis, a womanizing stud who boffs every bimbo he happens upon in order to acquire information about his case. Leslie discovers DeLeeuw's daughter (Kelly Nichols) has been fucking Mom's hubby (Billy Thornberg), the



'Dixie Ray': John Leslie lends his lust to Samantha Fox and Veronica Hart.

stepdad DeLeeuw kicked out some time earlier. Naturally, there's a lot more involved here—like blackmail, extortion and a murder or two. But we won't give away the juicy twists or the—you should excuse the expression—climax of the film. It's actually so well-done, you may find yourself more involved in the plot than the sex.

Everything about *Dixie Ray* shines. The lush, orchestrated score, fantastic period costumes and props (right down to an ancient Sparkletts water cooler) and old-movie-style dialogue all combine to make for one hell of a film—X-rated or otherwise. Of course, the pic is still porn, and the filmmakers thankfully remembered that. In one scene with his secretary (Hillary Summers), Leslie receives one of the red-hottest blowjobs in his illustrious career. In her Garbo wig and makeup Summers is sex-hungry-bimbo perfection as she swallows jaded John's stiff tool.



In 'Dixie Ray,' hotlips Hillary Summers has a firm hold of John Leslie.

Another erotic highlight comes when Leslie meets a stoned-out Kelly Nichols. Though he's there strictly "to get the facts," Leslie winds up with a faceful of Nichols's dripping pussy as porn's most talented actress whips and writhes about in a drug-enhanced orgasm. You can almost feel the perspiration fly from the screen.

And if all that isn't enough, we even get a cameo from one of Hollywood's bonafide cool guys, Cameron Mitchell. His portrayal of the inquisitive police lieutenant adds a professional look to *Dixie Ray* hitherto unseen in the world of adult film.

If you're a fan of adult cinema—or even if you've never seen an X-rated flick before—don't miss *Dixie Ray*. You may never witness the likes of it again. —L.M.F.



Corruption

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced, written and directed by Richard Mahler; starring Jamie Gillis, Kelly Nichols, Tiffany Clark, Tanya Lawson, Vanessa Del Rio, Tish Ambrose, Bobby Astyr, Michael Gaunt, George Payne, Samantha Fox, Nicole Bernard, Alexis X and Sabrina. Running time: 84 minutes.

This is one adult motion picture that must be studied, not just watched. Unlike the vacuous fluff and mindless physical frolicking that is prevalent in most X-rated films these days, *Corruption* makes a dismal, depressing, yet genuinely pro-

found statement about the male libido. Granted, it's not an easy movie to watch—the tone is sullen and dark, often violent. But under that celluloid pall lies an extremely erotic and curiously intriguing story that will appeal to an audience with the maturity and intelligence to appreciate it.

Jamie Gillis plays an arcane character who's gotten himself involved in some murky dealings with a trio of very mysterious individuals (Michael Gaunt, Samantha Fox and George Payne). Though the script is vague (or else filmmaker Mahler is just leaving a lot to our imagination), it's apparent that each side has done some sort of surreptitious work for one another. In any case, Gillis encounters a variety of staged sexual situations put on for him by his evil, gutter-dwelling



Sabrina bares her beautiful brown bush for Alexis X in 'Corruption.'

brother (Bobby Astyr). Forced to witness acts of bondage and implied necrophilia, Gillis ultimately imagines himself in the action, and the film comes to a surreal conclusion with our protagonist reduced to the sleazy mental and social level of his deranged brother.

At times, *Corruption* is confusing, even incomprehensible. At other moments, however, events appear to congeal, and we're shocked into recognizing the incredible pain and confusion Gillis (and filmmaker Mahler) are suffering. In one sequence Tiffany Clark, playing Gillis's girlfriend, solicits his sexual company by using the pretense of love. When he fails to reply to her question "Do you love me?" Gillis dredges up whatever cold lust he has left in his jaded body and fucks Clark with an antiseptic passion that

comes off as "ice cube erotic."

Corruption will most impress you with its evocative images and haunting photography, not



'Corruption': Nicole Bernard plays a lascivious stripper hell-bent for kink.

to mention its ample share of hard-core vignettes. This is not, however, a flick everyone will enjoy. Then again, eroticism is in the groin of the beholder. —L.M.F.



Temptation

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced, written and directed by Lawrence T. Cole; starring Desiree Lane, Don Hart, Ron Jeremy, Gina Gannetti, Herschel Savage, Lily Marlene, Lynx Canon, Jon Martin, Billy Dee, Don Fernando, Blair Harris, Nick Niter, Grant Lombard and Lisa Hess. Running time: 90 minutes.

Every fuck-flick aficionado knows that Lawrence T. Cole has made his share of low-budget wall-to-wallers that reek of sex but have all the production values of a high-school driver-education film. Well, you'll be



Desiree Lane takes a ride atop Herschel Savage in 'Temptation.'



A trio of lovelies munch a tasty snack in the free-for-all fuck flick 'Temptation.'

happy to know that old Larry has not only come up with a bonafide bone-stiffener in *Temptation*, he has also photographed a medium-priced movie that's actually not too bad to look at. Here's to taking the cameras out of the studio and onto the green grass under the brilliant northern California sun.

Temptation is, as the subtitle says, *The Story of a Lustful Bride*, and that lady in white is portrayed by cupcake Desiree Lane. It seems that Lane gets off on getting married-over and over again. The first lucky guy (Don Hart) gets his brains fucked out on his wedding night, but the next morning little Ms. Lane hits the road in search of other prospective partners.

Involved in a series of erotic trysts (and many group-sex romps) on her titillating trek for constant wedding-night orgasms, Lane comes across a fatherly character (Grant Lombard) who offers to make love to her "with the bodies of others." Dear Desiree dips her tender thighs deeper into carnal debasement until an "ultimate" outdoor orgy concludes the film... but obviously not the wet-and-wicked ways of our hedonistic heroine.

With the possible exception of Danielle, no platinum-top starlet has ever exuded as much raw animal passion onscreen as Desiree Lane. (And that includes another curiously popular blond bombshell we won't mention.) Lane's highlights in *Temptation* include a torrid fourway with Ron Jeremy, Gina Gianetti and newcomer Nick Niter, and an entertaining threeway in which Lane acts as submissive plaything to a dominant Lynx Canon and her henpecked spouse, Jon Martin.

Beyond the obvious truth that *Temptation's* script is utterly ridiculous and the performances are low-rent to say the least, there exists in this film an honest and erotic quality that says, "Let's get off and have fun." No one will dispute the fact that this production is loaded with lust and that Desiree Lane is a shining jewel in the ever-dulling collection of run-of-the-mill female sex kittens. —L.M.F.

Show Your Love

Half Erect. Produced by Vincent Benedetti; written by Dan Bottstein; directed by Edward J. Bruno; starring Sharon Mitchell, Joey Silvera, Joanna Storm, Paul Thomas, Kelly Nichols, Alexis X, Annette Heinz, Dave Ruby and Marissa Constantine. Running time: 82 minutes.

Show Your Love can best be described as "standard" porn fare. It's not completely devoid of



In 'Show Your Love,' Joanna Storm displays her finest physical virtues.

erotic merit, but one wouldn't feel compelled to applaud it either. In short, *Show Your Love* is mediocre X-entertainment that may turn some on but will put the rest to sleep.

Sharon Mitchell and Joey Silvera play a married couple who've lost the orgasmic ecstasy they once had in their relationship. Silvera confides in his friend (Paul Thomas) that things at home aren't up to sexual snuff. So Thomas introduces his depressed cohort to the wonders of kink by taking him to a strip joint where all manner of carnal deviations are exhibited for the horny male patrons to enjoy. The proprietor of the club (Kelly Nichols) shows the boys a "good time," and Silvera becomes convinced that a little extracurricular decadence might be just the thing to save his failing marriage. By



Sharon Mitchell has a grasp of the situation in 'Show Your Love.'

the end of the film, Thomas's girlfriend (Joanna Storm)—a part-time stripper at Nichols's club—talks Mitchell into performing with her onstage, and the erotic theatrics make everybody hard and happy.

The second-rate photography and average performances make *Show Your Love* a mundane visual experience. But the film warrants a peek for a pair of decent scenes. The foursome between Silvera, Mitchell, Thomas and Storm boasts a feverish moment or two, as does the exceptional onstage lesbian sequence in which Mitchell and Storm appear to gobble up each other's snatches with genuine sapphic intensity.

Show Your Love doesn't quite belong in the dumper, but don't expect a perennial bone in the shorts when you watch it. —L.M.F.

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

Fully Erect

Alexandra
Firestorm
Fleshdance
Golden Girls
HUSTLER Video Magazine #1
Maneaters
Night Hunger
Reel People
Rx for Sex
Sexcapades
Suzie Superstar
That's Outrageous
The Devil in Miss Jones II
The Young Like It Hot

Three-Quarters Erect

All American Girls in Heat
Bubblegum
Expose Me Now
Female Sensations
Girlfriends
Hot Dreams
Never Sleep Alone
Piggy's
Playing With Fire
Pleasure So Deep

Half Erect

A Taste of Money
Babylon Blue
Between Lovers
Eat at the Blue Fox
Flashpants
Pleasure Zones
Private Moments
Smoker
Sulka's Wedding
That's My Daughter
Treasure Box

One-Quarter Erect

Let's Talk Sex
Sweet Young Foxes
The Challenge of Desire
The Stormmaker
When She Was Bad

Totally Limp

A Bit Too Much Too Soon
All About Annette
Virginia

NOTE: Since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Check with your theater to make sure that you're getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

- FULLY ERECT**
Superior. A top production.
- THREE-QUARTERS ERECT**
A well-made film.
- HALF ERECT**
So-so. Limited appeal.
- ONE-QUARTER ERECT**
Poor. Don't expect much.
- TOTALLY LIMP**
A waste of time and money.

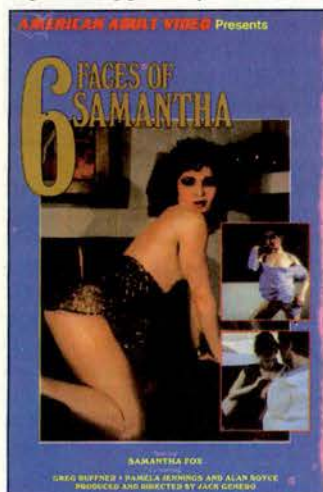
PORNPOURRI

Edited by Lonn M. Friend

Adult entertainment has diversified. Videotapes produced exclusively for home viewing are now being manufactured and can be purchased at this country's nearly 9,000 video stores, or through scores of mail-order companies. To help you sort out the best from the rest, *HUSTLER* provides these capsule reviews of the newest X-rated home videos, as well as the latest happenings in the world of erotic entertainment.

Six Faces of Samantha

(Adult Video Corporation) This tape is supposedly Samantha



Fox's last on-camera effort. The veteran blue-film star has opted for a directorial career and will henceforth do her boffing behind the lens. Pity, for she was one of the more competent actresses and sexual acrobats even though she never sported the great looks possessed by her less capable female colleagues.

Anyway, *Six Faces* opens with Ms. Fox frantically trying to masturbate herself to orgasm. Discovering that she's lost the urge to come, she decides to take on a series of personalities in hopes of regaining her once-erotic persona. Her role-playing makes her a fortune-teller, a street hooker, a phone-sex



Samantha Fox welcomes any and all lovers in 'Six Faces of Samantha.'

bimbo, a sex-slave waitress, etc. Nothing seems to work, however; so she goes to a horny sexologist, who plops her down and fucks her into a doggy-style orgasm—apparently helping her get in touch with her "true self."

While the premise of *Six Faces* is a good one—and Samantha performs admirably—the skimpy production and shoddy camerawork sap this tape of any real erotic merit. Still, if this does prove to be Ms. Fox's last effort, you really should consider buying it. —Kent Smith

Bouncing Buns

(Video Company of America) This shot-on-video featurette is the kind of mindless fluff one should save for a stag party

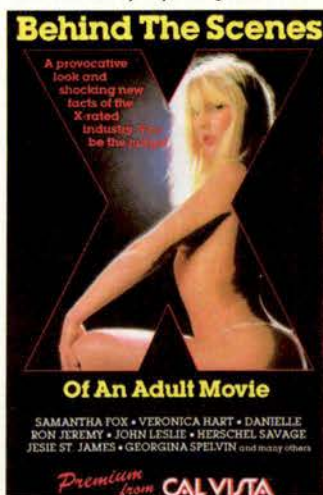


where everyone in the room is sufficiently intoxicated. Only in such a distorted state of mind could this pointless, boneheaded effort be properly appreciated. Long-legged blond cock-sucker Tracey Donovan plays the sole employee of a stripping-telegram company called—you guessed it—"Bouncing Buns." After fucking the two male proprietors of the operation, Donovan sets out on her first assignment: to peel for an aging bedridden fart who hasn't had

an erection since Nixon resigned. She's met at the door by nymphet maid Bridgette Royal, a stimulating lesbian scene ensues, and Mr. Fart gets his long-past-due hard-on. Forget the story after this and concentrate on the action because there are a couple of highpoints—a Wes-son Oil-drenched, six-body orgy being the most notable. *Bouncing Buns* is cheap, inane and pathetically acted. But for the drunken male pulling his pud, it's a sure winner. —L.M.F.

Behind the Scenes

(Cal Vista Video) While this documentary-style tape will cer-



tainly not go down in porn history as a hard-core classic, it's a good primer for anyone interested in an accurate summation of all the tedious goings-on that occur *behind* the camera during the shooting of an average X-rated movie.

A narrator tells us how a male can't get an erection at a sex audition; so a replacement (Richard Pacheco) is hired. We are also made privy to a number of "candid" interviews with such porn biggies as Veronica Hart, Ron Jeremy and Samantha Fox. By far the most impressive speaker is the articulate and lovely (and long-retired) Veronica, who confesses that the real money in the X-film industry is made by the filmmakers, not the performers. She goes on to express her intention of getting involved with the production of sex films. It's interesting, if not exciting. We can't recommend *Behind the Scenes* for a hard-on, but for those intrigued with the balls and guts of the

porn business, this tape's quite an eye-opener. —K. S.

Swedish Erotica's Superstars

(Caballero Control Corporation) As proclaimed boldly on the box, this tape features Seka—the platinum-haired sex dynamo who has become (for some odd reason) adult cinema's most popular pair of spread legs. We find here a slew of quick video interviews with Seka intercut by long film clips from her earlier loops. The editing is quite slick, and the starlet is featured with various X-stars from the past and present.

Among the highlights are Seka with John Holmes and Lisa DeLeeuw; Seka with Paul Thomas, where she appears to actually experience an orgasm (at least we are told so in the interview); Seka with a younger (and mellower) John Leslie fucking by a fireplace. Fans of the blond goddess will probably overlook a slew of stupid statements made during the interview segments and enjoy the ample supply of hard-core



bump 'n' grinding. For Seka lovers this tape's a must. —K. S.

Creme D' Femme #3

(Adult Video Corporation) The third installment in this all-lesbian series is superior to the first two but still nothing to stiffen up about.

This new loop collection features beautiful blond bimette Hillary Summers in a punk-style



'Creme D' Femme #3': Lusty ladies touch and get tongue-to-tongue close.

lesbian encounter with an uncredited blue-movie dyke. The scene takes place in a teenage bedroom/garage complete with gangland graffiti on the walls—a perfect setting for some semi-violent and playfully raunchy sapphic sucking and stroking.

Summers being eaten out on top of a cigarette machine is an amusing sight. As for the other girl/girl blackouts on the tape, the action tends to get a bit monotonous, and the girls are a tad homely. The problem can be traced to an overuse of dildos and other sexual toys, which tends to detract from the ladies' true attraction for one another.

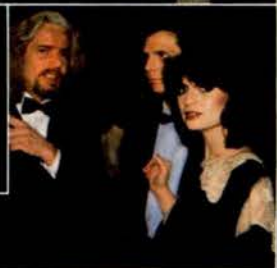


Licking lesbians are strictly the bill o' fare in 'Creme D' Femme #3.'

Of course, folks with a fetish for vibrators stuffed up wet pussies will harden at these antics. All in all, *Creme #3* has its moments... but only a few. —K. S.

HUSTLER AUGUST

PORN'S BIG NIGHT



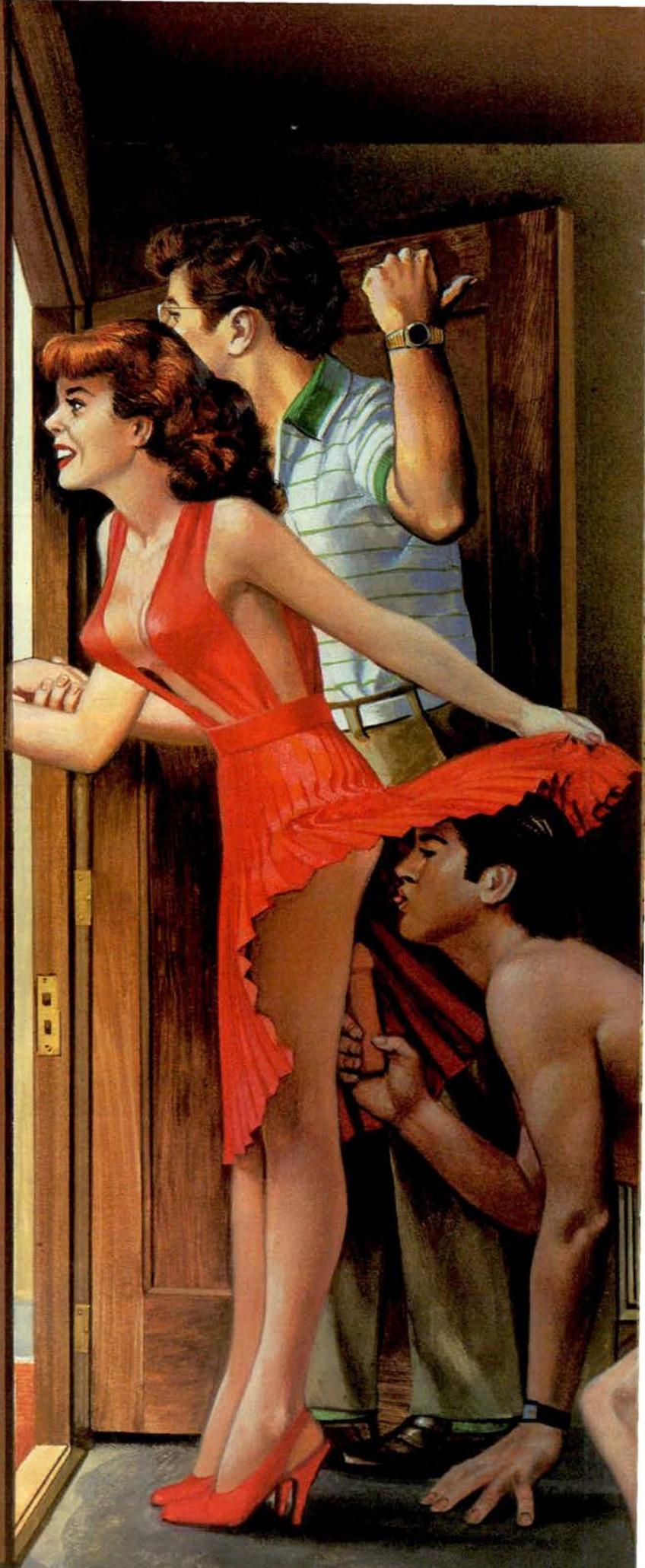
Clockwise from upper left: Porn legend Harry Reems with singer Stephen Bishop and HUSTLER's Lonn Friend; actress Kimberly Carson flanked by filmmaker Anthony Spinelli and admirer; porn historian Jim Holliday with director Alex deRenzy; actress Kelly Nichols with producer/director Fred Lincolin; beautiful buns; the lovely Hyapatia Lee (center).

As the caravan of stretch limousines slowly pulled up to the red-carpeted ramp of the luxurious Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, you could have sworn a Warren Beatty or Meryl Streep was going to step from one of them. Imagine your surprise when the car doors coughed out the likes of Jamie Gillis, Harry Reems, Kelly Nichols, Mai Lin, Seka, Anthony Spinelli, Hyapatia Lee, Suze Randall, John Leslie, Laurie Smith, Henri Pachard, Jacqueline Lorian and Alex deRenzy—just to name a very few. No, this wasn't a raincoater's dream—it was the Eighth Annual Erotic Film Awards, porn's answer to the Oscars.

Although the festivities were delayed by the setting off of an annoying smoke bomb, the evening was a cosmetic success. There were a few seminude dancers, semifunny comedians (e.g. Jackie Gayle) and even a semilegend in the audience—filmmaker extraordinaire Francis Ford Coppola. Backstage after the

awards were given, director Henri Pachard—who captured the Best Director honor for *Devil in Miss Jones II*—cornered HUSTLER critic Lonn M. Friend. "You know, I've been wanting to meet you a long time," said the affable Pachard to our attentive Friend. "You really know what you're talking about... and not just with my films, but everybody's. It's a pleasure." Rumor has it that Friend was so taken by the comment, he was an insufferable swellhead the rest of the evening.

Much to the delight of the massive crowd, *Devil in Miss Jones II* picked up Best Picture kudos, and the exquisite, genuinely talented Kelly Nichols won the Best Actress award for her remarkable performance in *In Love*. Naturally, a few hoots and hollers were audible, especially when the Best Actor award was given to Paul Thomas for *Virginia* (rated Totally Limp, HUSTLER March 1984). But as they say, all's fair in love, war and smut.

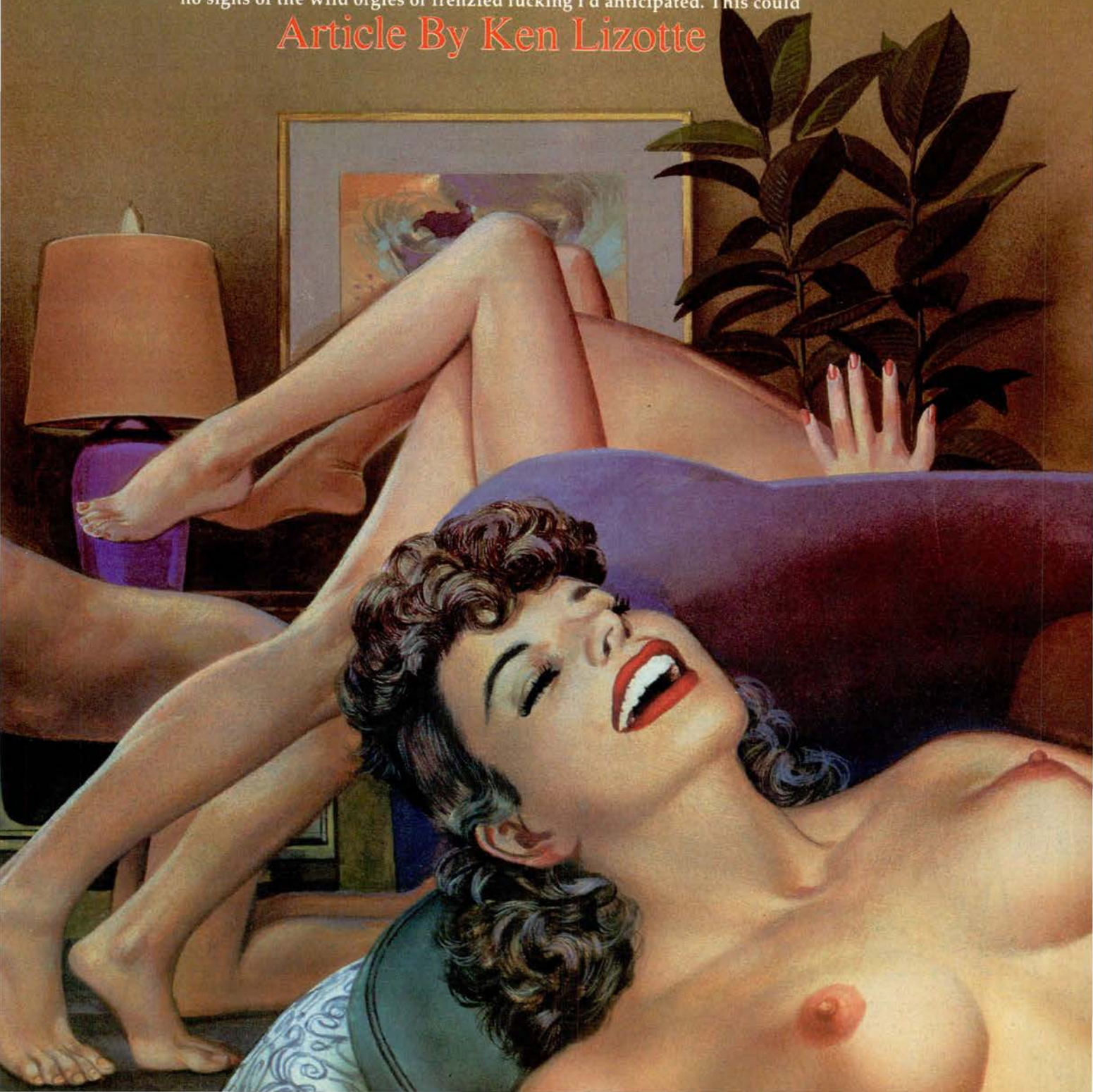


PERFECT STRANGERS

America's Swinging Mate-Swappers

The setting was an old, eight-room Victorian house overlooking Cape Cod Bay. The attraction was billed as a sex-saturated swingers party that appeared to be ideal for my research on a book. But what was transpiring seemed exactly like the dozens of noisy, boring cocktail parties I'd attended through the years. There were no signs of the wild orgies or frenzied fucking I'd anticipated. This could

Article By Ken Lizotte



PERFECT STRANGERS (continued from page 39)

There was a woman on all fours with her back to me and her slim, bare ass jutting high into the air.

have been a gathering of the local PTA or Friends of the Animals. I thought for a moment about calling it a night and heading for home.

Then suddenly, as I squeezed my way through a small group in the den, somebody's fingers playfully but deliberately wiggled across my ass. I spun around to see whose they were. A short, attractive, dark-haired woman beamed up at me.

"Hi!" she exclaimed.

"Yeah, hi," I muttered.

She looked at me hopefully. I gawked back, not ready to get involved. Faking indifference, I walked away.

At the buffet table in the kitchen a light-skinned black man was genially scarfing up ham rolls, cheese and potato salad. Someone yelled at him from across the room, "Hey, Smitty, where's your wife?"

Smitty looked chagrined. "Uh, I dunno," he answered. "I haven't seen her for an hour and a half." He returned to the buffet, as if signaling everyone in the room that it didn't matter.

Several minutes later a series of shrill cries coming from the second floor brought all conversation to a halt. The

wailing continued, followed by waves of joyful moans. When everyone realized that it was simply a woman having an orgasm in one of the upstairs bedrooms, they giggled and resumed chitchatting, flirting and dancing as they swigged beer, wine and gin-and-tonics.

Ranging in age from late 20s to early 40s, the gathering included engineers, secretaries, salespersons, real-estate and insurance people, and medical workers. Almost all of them were married and had brought their mates along for the sexual festivities.

They wore slacks, jeans, pressed skirts, polo shirts, cotton blouses and an occasional leather vest. They had arrived in Plymouth station wagons, Hondas, Subarus and Dodge Omnis. Although their reasons for being at the party could hardly be considered conventional, they appeared to be average middle-class Americans.

Several minutes later, as I stood on the back porch staring at the bay, a cute girl wearing a country-style dress with ruffles at the hem flashed a terrific smile and introduced herself as Janet. She looked especially innocent and pure. "Aren't

you ever going upstairs?" she asked me.

I wasn't sure what she meant. This was my first time at a swingers party.

"I don't know," I answered. "Maybe."

Janet appeared flustered for a moment, but she soon recovered. "Even when you've got such a great opportunity?" she grinned.

I couldn't believe it! Here was this precious sprite, whom I'd met only five minutes before and had hardly spoken to, a perfect stranger, almost pleading with me to run upstairs and fuck her. Certainly I wanted to. I could imagine my fingers running all over her, stroking and massaging her breasts, grabbing her hips and ass, exploring her cunt. Yet I couldn't understand why she was so willing.

I looked into Janet's clear-blue eyes at her swinger's "glow." She smiled again, anxiously this time.

"Okay," I said, "I guess I'm going upstairs."

She cried out in glee, leaped at me and grabbed one of my wrists—pulling me quickly toward the staircase. We brushed past a couple who appeared worn but invigorated. As they reached the bottom of the stairs, both looked around for their mates.

"I feel like a virgin," I remarked as we climbed the stairs.

"You are," Janet replied, looking back and grinning wider than before. We both knew that was soon to change.

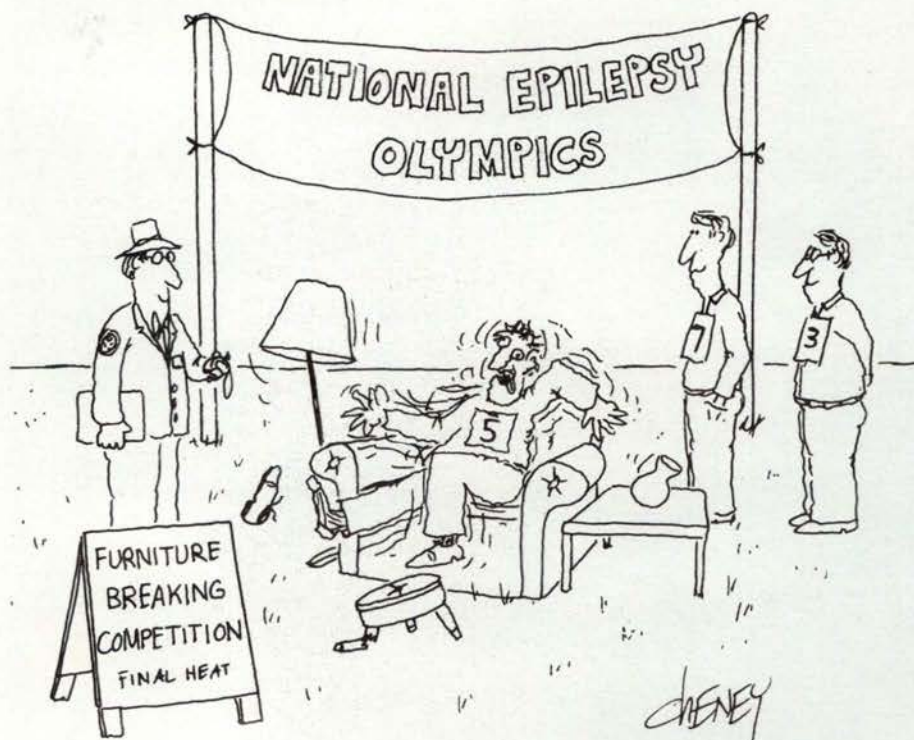
The upstairs corridor was intensely quiet. I could hear the clamor of music and conversation from down below; yet up there the feeling was more like being in church.

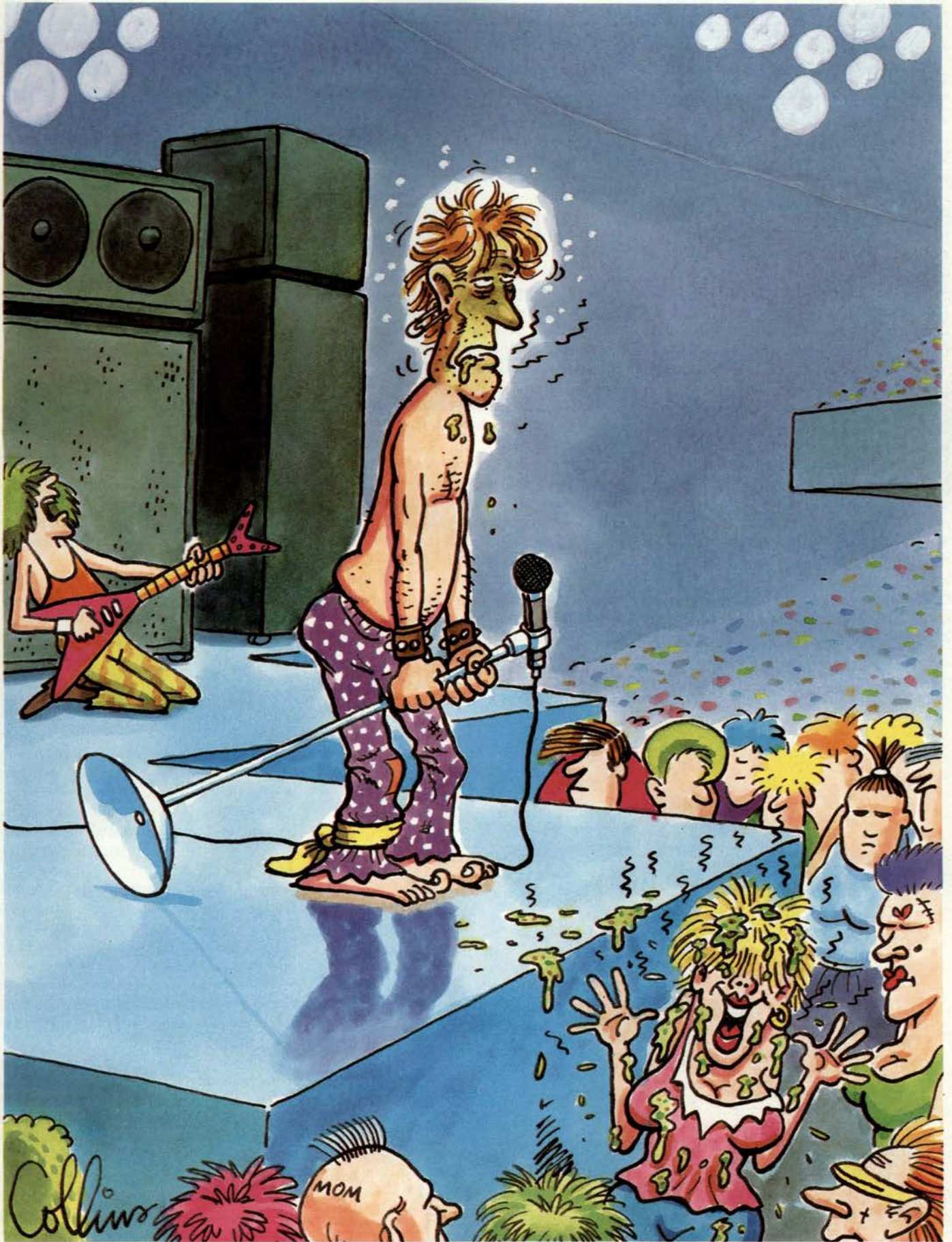
Janet indicated an open door and murmured in my ear, "If you like group sex..." She let her voice trail off. I peered inside, unable to see anything at first. Then gradually I made out hazy, fleshy forms.

There was a woman on all fours with her back to me and her slim, bare ass jutting high into the air. A naked man sat cross-legged before her, and the woman slowly swayed as she lapped at the man's balls. His penis grew large and straight, and the woman licked her tongue all around his cock head, then drew as much of it inside her mouth as she could.

Sucking with abandon, the woman soon began moaning. As she picked up speed, her uncontrolled passion grew louder. The man, meanwhile, was gently holding her head down, staring straight ahead, without making a sound.

In another part of the room a long, slender blonde lay on her back as one man kneaded and sucked her fully erect nipples while another wound his tongue around and inside her cunt. Her legs snapped and convulsed as she grabbed one of the men by his arms and the other





"Oh, wow! Like, he barfed on me!"

PERFECT STRANGERS (continued from page 40)

I looked at Janet, savoring the beaming, almost-virginal exuberance of this full-fledged swinger.

by the shoulders, grinding her fingernails recklessly into their skin. No sound could be heard besides her occasional, sudden sigh or a man's groan.

There were others in the room too, maybe nine altogether. They also seemed to be screwing and enjoying each other any way they desired—and in full view of all who cared to watch.

Janet's whisper broke my trance. "You should've seen this room a little while ago," she said. "It was really crawling with people." She giggled mischievously. "I think it would have been too much for you."

I looked at Janet, savoring the beaming, almost-virginal exuberance of this full-fledged swinger. In a few moments I'd be rolling around on the floor with her, sliding my joint inside what I was sure would be a very wet, very juicy swinger's pussy, humping her till the cows came home. *Can this really be happening?* I thought to myself.

* * *

Fifteen years ago those who swapped sex partners were thought to be members of a lurid, undisciplined and tiny segment

of society. Today swinging is enjoyed by vast numbers of everyday middle-class Americans—and even shows signs of coming out of the closet. Although most of the media has ignored the subject since its publicity heyday—when the movie *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice* was released—the swing world has meanwhile ballooned, organized and plunked down roots.

"Media disinterest may have actually been a godsend," says Bob McGinley, president of the North American Swing Clubs Association Inc. (NASCA). "It has allowed swingers to settle in and become strong without interference from conservatives and other bluenoses. Swinging is now a well-structured and well-organized social institution."

In addition to heading NASCA (an umbrella organization of more than 150 swing clubs throughout the U.S., Canada and Japan), McGinley and his wife, Geri, direct Club WideWorld—a Southern California group he calls "the oldest continuous swing club of its kind." He is also the man behind *Lifestyles*, an annual convention of people who prefer such alternative ways of living as open marriage, transves-

tism, homosexuality, S&M and, of course, swinging.

McGinley claims to personally know (and have swung with) swingers from all over the United States and a few from foreign countries as well. Based on barnstorming trips around America during which the McGinleys give media interviews and meet with club leaders, he estimates there are approximately 3 million swingers who are regular—and eager—participants.

Swinging is nothing new. In "The Gilmartin Report," a 1978 study of the phenomenon, Los Angeles sociologist Dr. Brian C. Gilmartin noted that some African tribes still practice "spouse-sharing"—as they have for centuries—a custom in which male members of a "clan" routinely enjoy sex with each other's wives. Eskimos have long been known to swap partners as a means of solidifying friendship or as a gesture of peace to a passing stranger.

Anthropologists also cite such nations as Turkey, Israel, New Guinea and Australia as having had significant histories of mate-sharing. And the uninhibited orgies of pre-Christian Rome, of course, are widely known.

Although some evidence exists of past sexual experimentation in America—such as the customs in certain Utopian communities and promiscuous relationships among the rich and the avant-garde intellectuals—the practice of couples exchanging mates for temporary sexual recreation was virtually nonexistent until the late 1940s. The first use of the term *wife-swapping* appeared in the 1948 Kinsey Report to describe accounts of swinging in suburban Indiana.

In a society lacking adequate birth-control and sex information, the early swing scene remained secretive and underground. Since there were almost no swing clubs in America at the time and few adult-book stores, answering personal ads provided the only practical way for swingers to meet. But mailing nude photos was punishable in the 1940s and 1950s by heavy fines or imprisonment; so swingers took great risks in sending even relatively tame snapshots of themselves to potential partners.

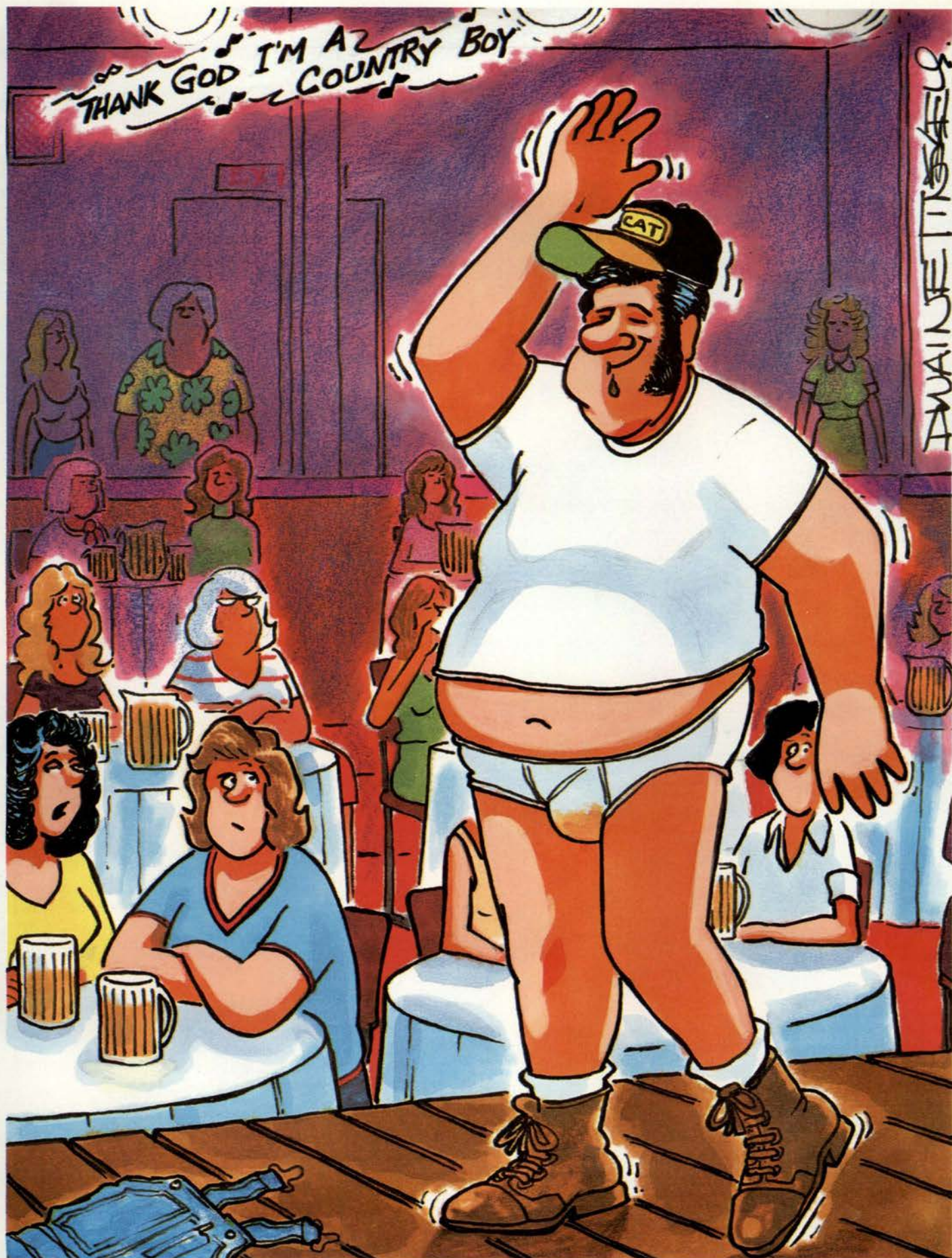
One swinger told me of a member of the Justice Department who years ago had boasted to him of the "5,000 divorces, lost jobs and suicides" he'd personally caused by opening people's mail and making their sexual activities public.

"We actually never found any Communists," the agent admitted, although locating them had been the mail search's sole stated objective. "But hell, there must've been one in there somewhere."

In the late 1950s the Supreme Court
(continued on page 52)

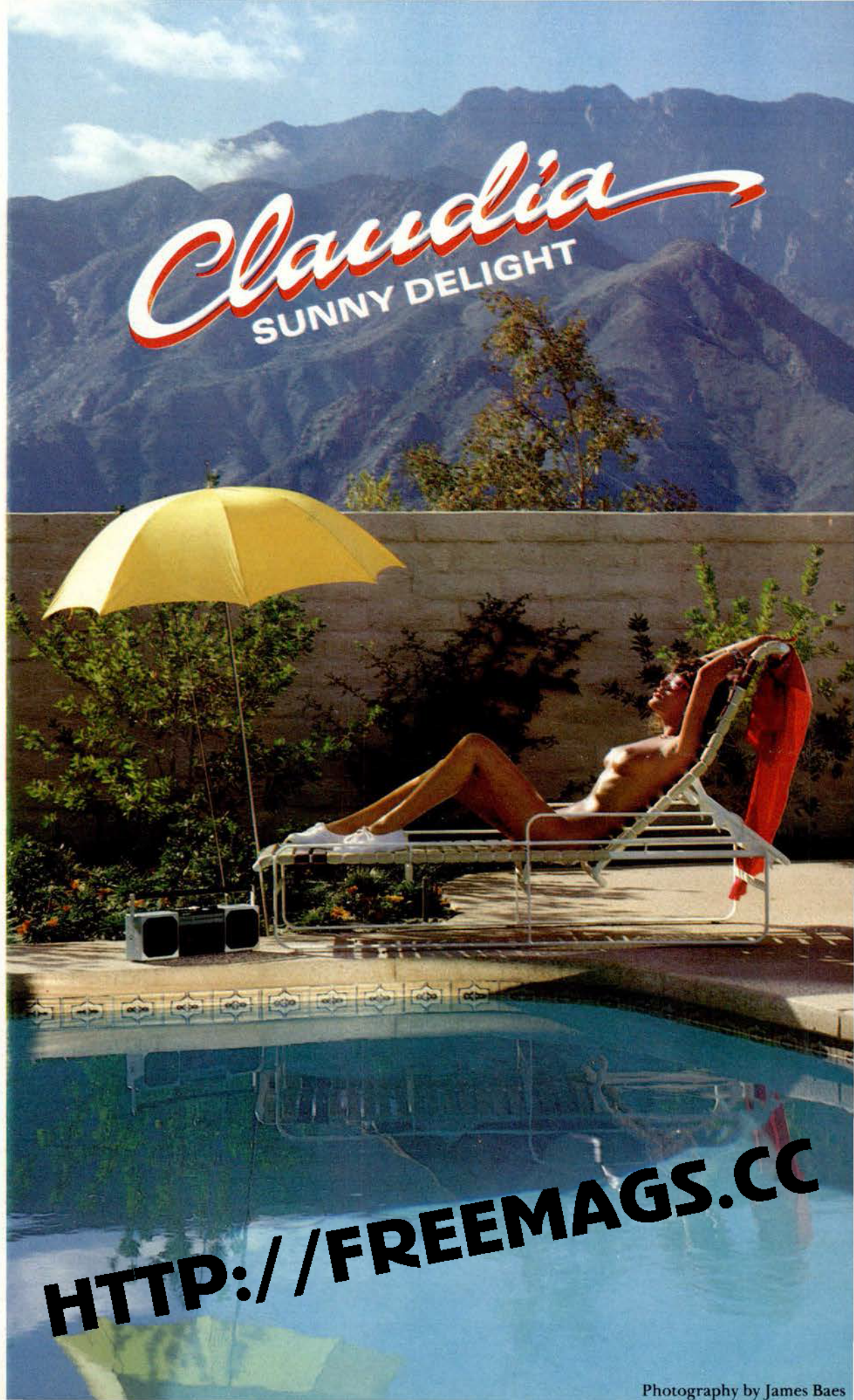


"How do I stand on the abortion bill? Listen, you tell that bitch I paid that bill three months ago!"



"Uh, I don't think West Virginia is quite ready for male-stripper clubs."





Claudia
SUNNY DELIGHT

[HTTP://FREEMAGS.CC](http://freemags.cc)













PERFECT STRANGERS (continued from page 42)

Before long the entire dance floor was a squirming mass of tits, pussy and ass as the women screamed in delight.

changed all this with rulings that prohibited mail searches, widened the definition of pornography and permitted sexually explicit materials to be sent through the mails without penalty. Classified sections of underground newspapers filled up immediately with advertisements from swingers looking for sex partners. The swingers magazines and major studies which followed completely demolished the myth that swingers represented only the tiniest percentage of society.

The studies in particular shattered a second myth: Anyone who bucked the standard practice of monogamy was either strange or sexually deviant. Separate surveys conducted by Illinois anthropologist Gilbert Bartell, California researchers James and Lynn Smith, Southern swingers Matt and Kathleen Galant, and writer-professors Herbert Margolis and Paul Rubenstein all concluded the same thing: America's rampaging, enthusiastic embrace of swinging was happening almost exclusively in the heretofore enormously conventional American suburban middle-class.

The story of Billie and Pete Patterson

(not their real names)—a young married couple from Providence, Rhode Island—typifies the phenomenon. They are good-looking, intelligent, own their own home and occasionally get involved in political or community activities. They also have been actively mate-sharing for the past five years.

Pete, a 32-year-old Datsun salesman, first learned of swinging a couple of years before marrying Billie. He'd attended swingers parties in Florida with an old girlfriend for about eight or nine months. Years later, after he and Billie were married, he began thinking about it again.

"I didn't have much of a sexual history," admits Billie, a 29-year-old dental technician. "I'd only slept with two men in my life before marrying Pete. But when I told him that, he said, 'Hell, I've been with more women than that in one afternoon!' He decided that I needed more experience."

Pete thought that Billie would appreciate sex more if she had a chance to spend time with other men. He theorized that by swinging, they could both expand their lovemaking skills and avoid falling into a

rut. He also had to admit that he missed the excitement and variety of his swinging days. Both he and Billie, however, insist that their swinging was never motivated by any poor relationship between them—sexual or otherwise.

"We'd been married only two years by that time," Pete says, "but already we'd seen many of our friends' marriages fall apart over lack of communication, extra-marital affairs or petty jealousies. We could see that sexual attractions to people other than your mate often lead to distrust, lies and sneaking around. We thought maybe swinging could help us avoid those problems and stay together."

During their first six months on the swinging scene they mainly attended "socials"—get-togethers in hotel function rooms for the purpose of meeting other swingers and exchanging phone numbers. But usually they took a table in a back corner and didn't approach anyone.

They also visited clubs, "on-premises" establishments like Plato's Retreat in New York, where—unlike the socials—sexual activity was permissible right out in the open. They didn't like the clubs, however, finding their atmosphere impersonal and crude.

Billie and Pete also attended several swingers house parties. At their first the hostess greeted them warmly: "So you're new to swinging? Well, just relax and enjoy the party. Remember, you don't have to do anything. If anyone pressures you, let me know. I'll take care of them."

Nobody hassled them during that party nor for the first six months when they attended such gatherings but chose to refrain from swinging. In the course of their indoctrination, however, they gained vicarious pleasure from a number of eye-opening experiences—notably a bisexual free-for-all at one of the house parties.

It began when two women who had been dancing together very closely and very slowly started to remove each other's clothes. After there was nothing left to take off, the pair flopped to the floor. A crowd gathered around as they sucked each other's nipples and cunts. Soon a third woman joined them, then a fourth, a fifth and a half dozen more. Before long the entire dance floor was a squirming mass of tits, pussy and ass as the women slithered over and under each other—ravishing, licking and screaming in delight.

Their husbands and boyfriends stood on the sidelines, hoisting beers, hooting and proudly pointing to their respective mates. Most seemed delighted at the chance to see normally timid partners heatedly on display. To everyone's satisfaction the orgy lasted well over an hour.

Another time, at a party in a private
(continued on page 56)



"Here's your prints, miss . . . and give my best to the pony."



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Death by Nicotine

In keeping with HUSTLER's long tradition of presenting even the most controversial viewpoints, we provide this space to outspoken opinion makers in politics, religion, the arts and other segments of contemporary society. This month's Guest Editorial is written by Dr. David J. Fletcher, a public-health specialist who will soon leave the U.S. Army Medical Corps—where he has earned a national reputation for his antismoking efforts and won awards from the American Cancer Society for his outstanding public service to the cause of cancer control. The views expressed herein are those of the author and do not necessarily reflect the views of the U.S. Army or the Department of Defense.

David J. Fletcher, M.D., M.P.H.

Storm clouds darken the vast New Mexico sky, casting ghostly shadows on the desert landscape. From out of the distance comes a lone cowboy on horseback herding his cattle home. The images flickering on the screen are immediately recognizable. Although 12 years have passed since Congress banned cigarette commercials from television, the lavishly photographed Marlboro sales pitch is still indelibly etched in the mind of everyone who saw it.

As the camera zooms in and the music soars, the rider removes his Stetson and wipes the sweat from his weather-beaten brow. But instead of the rugged Marlboro man, the camera reveals emphysema victim John Holmes—a real cowboy with plastic tubes running from his nostrils to an oxygen tank strapped to his horse. Holmes has smoked for 41 of his 70 years, and he is one of millions of smokers disabled by cigarettes.

This scene is from *Death in the West*, a searing British-made documentary that was suppressed by Marlboro's parent company—Philip Morris USA—for six years. The 27-minute film destroys the Marlboro message with a telling truth: Real cowboys who smoke cigarettes die of lung cancer and emphysema.

Produced by Peter Taylor of Thames Television, *Death in the West* features vignettes of rugged men who have suffered the consequences of smoking, intertwined with slickly made footage from Marlboro commercials showing cigarette-puffing actors impersonating cowboys. Included in the film is commentary by two Philip Morris executives who defend the cigarette industry and reject any suggestion that smoking is harmful.

"If anyone ever identified any ingredient in tobacco or in smoke as being hazardous to human health, we would eliminate it," says one of them. "I certainly wouldn't be in the business if I thought cigarettes were harmful."

Bankrolled with a fistful of dollars made from "selling death," Philip Morris employed a staff of lawyers who for six years managed to suppress the most powerful anti-smoking film ever made. Then in 1982 NBC's affiliate in San Francisco—KRON-TV—aired a bootleg copy of *Death in the West*. After several other stations showed the documentary and public interest accelerated, the *Journal of*

the American Medical Association asked me to write an article on the making of *Death in the West* and the attempt to keep it under wraps. But even the powerful AMA wilted under pressure from the tobacco lobby. My article—scheduled to appear in the *Journal's* August 6, 1982, issue—was killed six days before publication. In its letter of explanation the AMA cited fear of a lawsuit from Philip Morris. This feeble excuse was challenged by the *Chicago Sun-Times* and syndicated columnist Jack Anderson. In separate investigations they determined that the AMA was currying favor with tobacco-state politicians and had scrubbed the story because it would be harmful to the AMA's political interests.

It has been 20 years since Surgeon General Luther Terry released the landmark report—"Smoking and Health"—which for the first time linked cigarette smoking to lung cancer and other diseases. The percentage of Americans who smoke has dropped 10% during that period. But smoking still claims 350,000 lives a year, making it the largest single preventable cause of illness and premature death in the United States. Even though its hazards have been determined in countless studies and repeatedly disseminated to the public, over 50 million Americans continue to smoke.

One of the major reasons for this surprising paradox is the sophisticated marketing campaigns devised by Madison Avenue advertising agencies. Following the 1964 surgeon general's report the ad men turned the scare over inhaling potentially lethal amounts of tar and nicotine into an extraordinary merchandising success: the selling of filtered, lower-nicotine/ultralow-tar cigarettes as healthier alternatives to the brands they were replacing.

Consumers wound up smoking—and buying—more of these new cigarettes to achieve the same nicotine level (the addicting substance in cigarette smoke) in the bloodstream that had existed before. And experienced, nicotine-starved smokers soon learned that by blocking a filter's ventilation holes while smoking, they could draw in more nicotine and tar.

Even more alarming was the fact that smokers who switched to Carlton and other supposedly safer brands

ended up inhaling additional amounts of carbon monoxide—the gas that can trigger potentially fatal heart irregularities.

The Virginia Slims "You've Come a Long Way, Baby" ad campaign, which stressed the image of the modern independent woman—attractive, well-dressed, slim, sexy, young and healthy—has helped double the number of young female smokers over the past 16 years. It is largely responsible for the shocking rise in lung-cancer rates among women, which last year for the first time surpassed those for breast cancer.

Equally alarming, despite all the health-related articles in leading women's magazines, is the glaring lack of material on the dangers of cigarette smoking—the Number 1 health problem for women, particularly those who are pregnant. The reason is painfully simple: Unlike HUSTLER, which refuses to accept cigarette ads, these publications depend on revenues from such advertising.

Each year the cigarette industry spends over 1 billion tax-deductible dollars trying to convince Americans to smoke. In contrast, the U.S. government's Office on Smoking and Health spends roughly \$2 million in its efforts to stop people from smoking—a drop in the bucket compared to the tobacco industry's propaganda expenditures and the government's \$14-million-a-year tobacco-crop subsidy.

Moreover, the cigarette moguls have taken aim at the Third World by exporting our top killer to developing nations—which can hardly afford to purchase cigarettes in the first place, let alone pay for the health and social consequences of smoking (see HUSTLER, September 1979). Fortunately, some developing nations are smarter than the United States; seven have completely banned cigarette advertising.

In recent months, however, American cigarette manufacturers have been increasingly forced on the defensive to counteract renewed activism against the staggering health and social costs of smoking. Many leading corporations, notably Control Data and Johnson & Johnson, are refusing to pay the \$13-billion annual tab for smoking-related absenteeism, insurance premiums, disability payments and training costs. They have stepped up efforts to

offer smoke-ending classes, created smoke-free workplaces, and some avoid hiring smokers.

Similarly, the public sector has rallied around the issue of nonsmokers' rights. The passage of strict antismoking laws in San Francisco and dozens of other cities, along with a strong drive to strengthen the warning on cigarette labels, are positive trends.

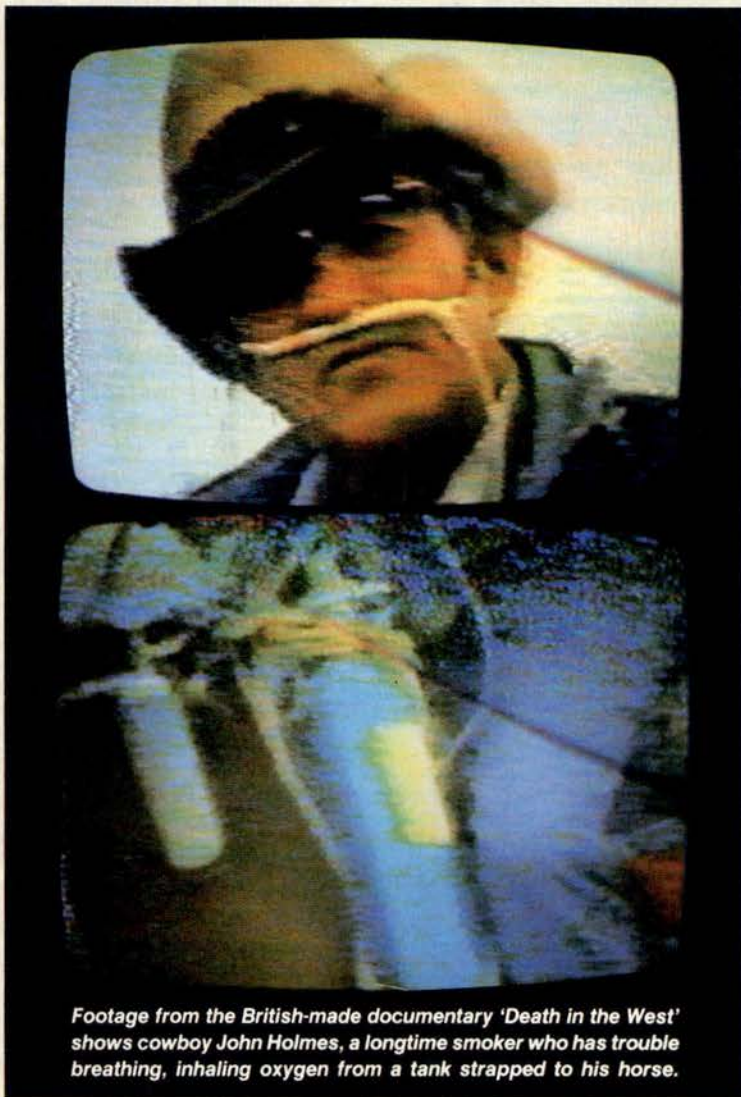
Other encouraging signs include boycotts of cigarette-company-sponsored sporting events and the

emergence of several strong antismoking activist groups. Doctors Ought to Care (DOC), founded by Dr. Alan Blum, purchases advertising space to dispel the "he-man" image portrayed by the Marlboro Man. A typical ad, headlined "Come to Marlboro Country," shows a riderless horse hitched up to a lone tombstone. The group also sponsors a tennis tournament called the "Emphysema Slims Circuit."

DOC's methods are relatively mild compared to those of BUGA-UP (Billboard Utilizing Graffitiists Against Unhealthy Promotions), a group of Australian doctors who spray-paint antismoking messages on cigarette billboards and rely on satire to ridicule the images in cigarette ads. In one instance the brand name on a Dunhill billboard was changed to read "Lung Ill." Some 38 members of BUGA-UP have been arrested for such acts of "vandalism."

Rather than trying to cure the smoker, who is merely an unfortunate victim of peer and advertising pressure, our government, as well as those who provide private health care, must mount a more concerted effort to go after the tobacco industry. One obvious way to help minimize the damage of smoking is to ban cigarette advertising. Another would be the elimination of hefty tax deductions that cigarette companies use as write-offs for their advertising campaigns.

Years ago songwriter Ira Gershwin observed that "one man's death is another man's living." That sad fact is even more relevant today, as our nation continues to permit an industry to market the Number 1 killer of its citizens.



Footage from the British-made documentary 'Death in the West' shows cowboy John Holmes, a longtime smoker who has trouble breathing, inhaling oxygen from a tank strapped to his horse.

Readers who share or disagree with Dr. Fletcher's opinions are encouraged to write HUSTLER's Feedback section (2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054).

PERFECT STRANGERS *(continued from page 52)*

The man unbuttoned her blouse and began sucking away. He looked like a ten-year-old with a new popsicle.

hotel room following one of the socials, Billie and Pete were greeted at the door by a woman wearing nothing but a fluffy white-fur coat, gold earrings and a smile. Her huge breasts dangled out from under her wrap as she giggled and spilled Dom Pérignon champagne on the plush carpet. "Come on in," she squealed, grabbing Pete and pulling his arm. "The more the merrier!"

A few minutes later, while Billie stood by unobtrusively waiting for Pete to return with some drinks, a completely naked bald man in his late 50s stepped before her with a sly, sheepish grin.

"Excuse me, ma'am," he said. "I hope you don't mind, but I've been admiring you from across the room. I'd like to tell you that you have some pretty nice tits there."

Still fully clothed, Billie blushed and looked down at her blouse. "Uh, why, thank you," she replied, not knowing what else to say.

"Yes, well," the man stammered, shuffling his feet, "would you mind—I mean, would it be all right if I, uh, sucked on them for a while?"

"Well, no, of course not. Go right ahead," Billie blurted without thinking.

The man efficiently unbuttoned her blouse and began sucking away. He looked like a happy ten-year-old with a new popsicle.

"Enjoying yourself, Billie dear?" Pete asked as he returned with the drinks—not sure what to make of this spectacle.

The naked man immediately straightened up, rebuttoned Billie's blouse, gave Pete a mock salute and disappeared into the crowd.

The Pattersons' first swing session involved a friendly young couple from Lexington, Massachusetts. They met Jim and Ruth Carrington (not their real names) at a social in Boston and followed them home when it was over. After drinks and a little dancing, Jim led Billie into one of the bedrooms, and Pete accompanied Ruth toward another.

"I enjoyed the evening," Billie recalls. "Jim was wonderful. He made me realize there were other ways to make love than the way Pete and I had been getting used to—like stroking and feeling new areas, creating new sensations. I could hear Pete

and Ruth in the next room, and I was surprised it didn't bother me. I felt secure somehow knowing Pete was close by, that we were in this together, so to speak.

"Jim was different from Pete—not better, different. It actually made me hornier for Pete—so horny in fact that I couldn't wait till we got together in our own bed."

Many married swingers agree that mate-swapping greatly enhances their sexual interest in each other rather than lessening it. When Billie and Pete got home to Providence just before sunrise, they had fiery, hard-driving sex. Swinging had made their own fucking hotter than ever.

For the next three years they continued to prefer getting to know strangers first, working up to actual mate-swapping more gradually. Like so many other regular participants, they devised their own rules of etiquette: Swing only with couples who are visibly compatible and treat each other with respect; swing only when healthy (never when carrying a disease such as herpes or gonorrhea); never stay an entire night in another couple's home.

This last rule was central to the philosophy of what they were doing. Swinging was a part-time activity that was supposed to keep them together, not tempt them apart. They *were* married, after all.

At a social one night during their fourth year of swinging they were attracted to a dazzling young woman with long, blond hair and her boyish-looking, mustachioed husband. Pete just couldn't stop staring at the woman's fine, peaked breasts, sensational round hips and slim legs that peeked out from the slits of her sequined dress. Billie shivered at the sight of the man's strong build, his playful dark eyes and handsome face.

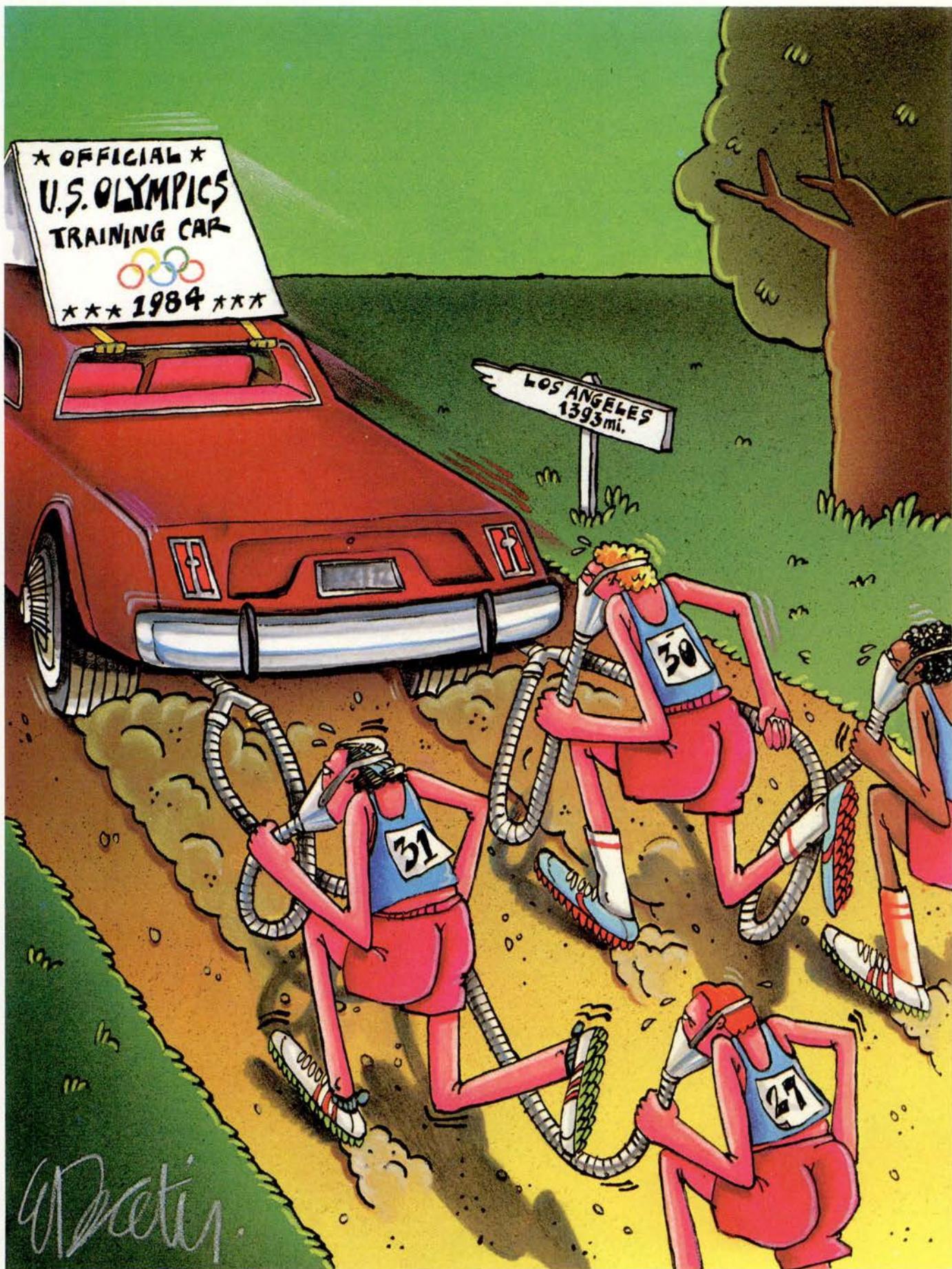
The Pattersons had a communications system for moments like these—pressing their fingers on one another's thighs underneath the table. One finger meant "Forget about it." Ten meant "Jump on their bones now!" Looking down in their laps, they gasped in delight. Each had splayed ten fingers across the other's thighs; the verdict was unanimous.

That night, Billie and Pete accompanied Ron and Kim Walters (not their real names) to their waterbed-equipped apartment in Groton, Connecticut. Thereafter they swung with them every weekend for the next eight months—engaging in every sexual activity imaginable. Billie fucked Ron. Pete fucked Kim. Ron watched Billie and Kim fuck Pete. Pete watched Billie and Kim fuck Ron. Ron voraciously ate Billie while Pete, in the same bed, ate Kim. Kim and Billie ate each other's pussies while Ron and Pete watched—and sometimes cheered encouragement—from chairs at the side of the bed.

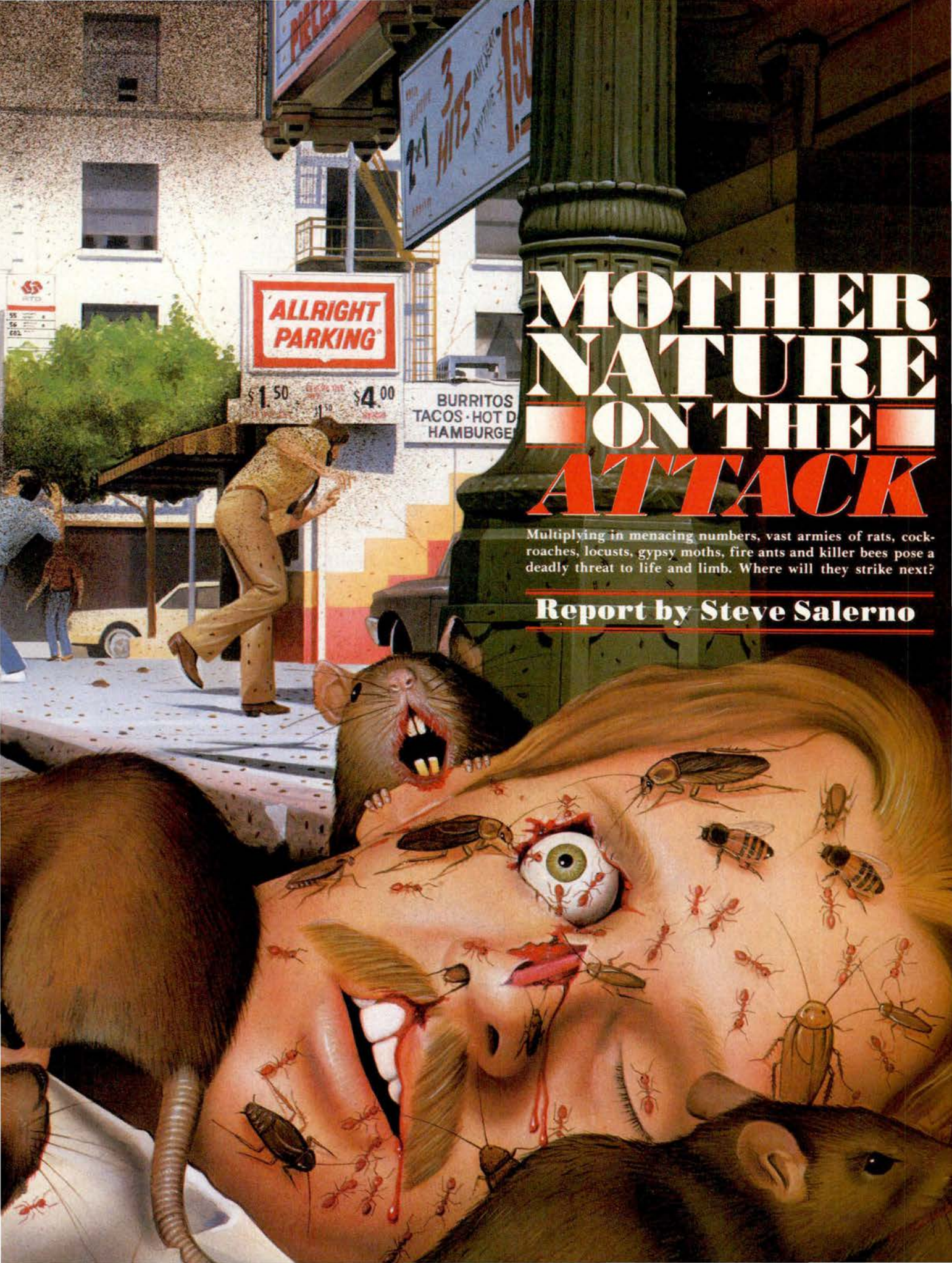
For a change of pace, Ron and Pete also
(continued on page 100)



"M-m-m . . . this tumor is definitely benign."








MOTHER NATURE ON THE ATTACK

Multiplying in menacing numbers, vast armies of rats, cockroaches, locusts, gypsy moths, fire ants and killer bees pose a deadly threat to life and limb. Where will they strike next?

Report by Steve Salerno



The chaos that transpired in Lima, Peru, during the spring of 1983 reads like something out of a cheap exploitation movie concocted by an overwrought Hollywood writer. But the devastating impact on thousands of families was all too real. Hordes of disease-laden frogs, crickets and rats ran amok on the streets, taking bites out of men, women and children who got in their way. Limp and feverish kids were rushed to local hospitals or makeshift clinics; many of them died.

In the ensuing weeks numerous babies were stillborn, and the infants who survived suffered such heartrending illnesses that even a compassionate parent might have wished them dead. By summer the South American country's infant-mortality rate had jumped 400%.

Although the outbreak of disease was first thought to be related to severe flooding in the region, scientists later noted a more ominous explanation. Pests and vermin had attacked children simultaneously—"as though linked by a common disdain for mankind," as one observer put it.

The struggle between man and nature is nothing new. Locust swarms, rat infestations and episodes of similar terror are well documented throughout history. Insects as small as fleas have been responsi-

ble for some of the world's most notorious plagues.

We've all heard horror stories about the irreparable damage that man has inflicted on his environment. But now Mother Nature is fighting back, causing scientists and public officials to voice their alarm in ever-increasing numbers.

★ Rats the size of dogs roam the Montgomery Street financial district in San Francisco. In the White House, sophisticated traps are strategically placed. More than 100 million of these beady-eyed pests infest the United States, where in most major cities they outnumber humans 2 to 1.

★ Eight million killer bees are working their way up from South America for a U.S. invasion that is said to be only four years away. Swarms of homegrown bees have already gone berserk in New Jersey.

★ Super-termites have wormed their way into buildings across the state of Florida, where termite gas is affecting the atmosphere. Termites produce twice as much deadly carbon monoxide as all the world's smokestacks put together.

★ Gypsy moths are stripping trees and plants in half a dozen states, periling the nation's food supply.

★ An outbreak of boll weevils is jeopardizing the Southern cotton crop.

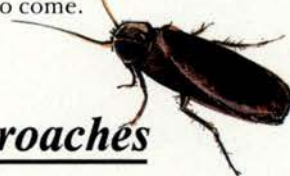
★ Aggressive fire ants, armed with painful stingers, are plaguing several Southern states.

★ Rhode Island's worst-ever infestation of mosquitoes caused a near-epidemic of canine heartworm that endangered both dogs and humans, in addition to taking a sizable bite out of the state's important tourist trade.

★ Although it's an obvious exaggeration, some insist that the feared giant cockroaches of Houston, Texas, clank audibly when they walk, bellow like wounded water buffalo and stand as high as turkeys.

What follows is an often-frightening guide to the various pests and vermin that threaten to undermine the quality of life—and perhaps life itself—in this country in the years to come.

Cockroaches



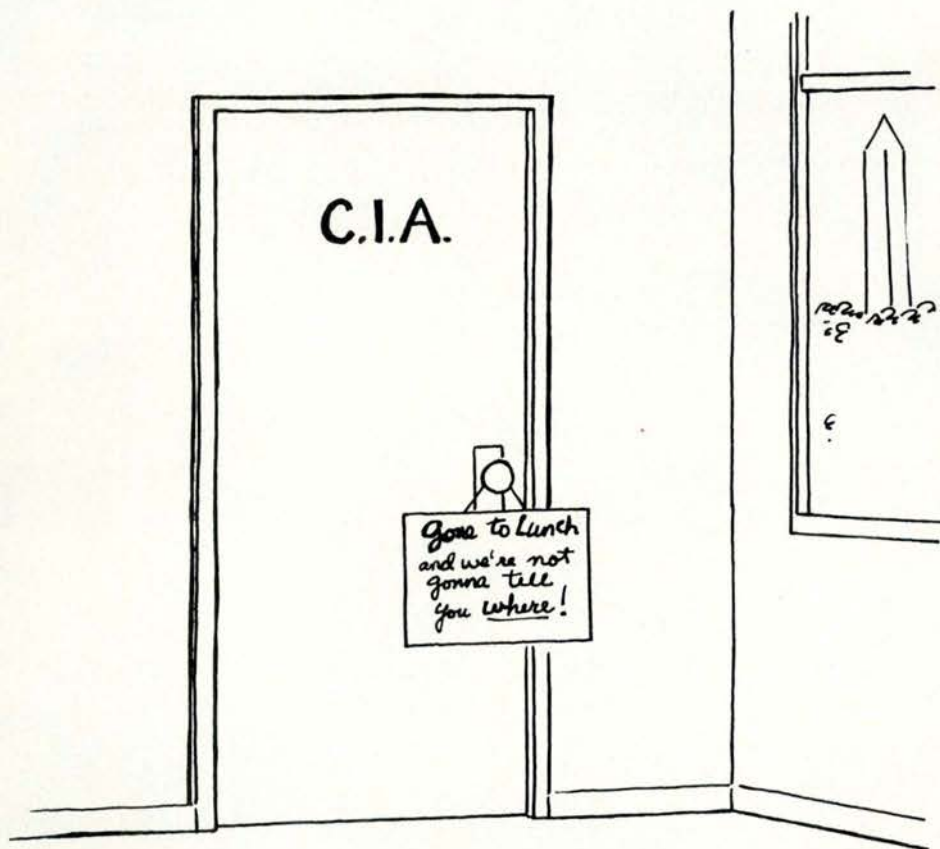
Without question, roaches are the most underrated weapons in Mother Nature's savage arsenal. Long reviled for their unsightly appearance and disgusting odor, they have never really been taken to task for their most despicable trait: These creatures are unparalleled carriers of disease. The average roach scurrying across a countertop at the first sign of light harbors dozens of infectious illnesses—from simple diarrhea to influenza to deadly bubonic plague.

It has been said that a single cockroach turned loose in a hospital ward will quickly redistribute the various maladies among the patients. Because hospitals—particularly those in impoverished areas—are often infested with roaches, there is no telling how many people who officially die of "natural causes" or "complications following surgery" actually perish from contact with an insect that has existed for some 300 million years.

Earth has about 3,500 known species of cockroaches, ranging in size from the half-inch-long European variety to the South American "monster" roach measuring some four inches in length. All species are steadily gaining in number—turning public areas as well as residences into places where one treads warily.

In Los Angeles, for example, employees at the State Office Building complained loudly about roaches that were leaping from desks onto their clothing. In the poshest sections of Houston frustrated homeowners have been known to fire pistols at the persistent pests. In San Francisco a judge recessed a trial for a day when three women jurors shrieked

(continued on page 74)

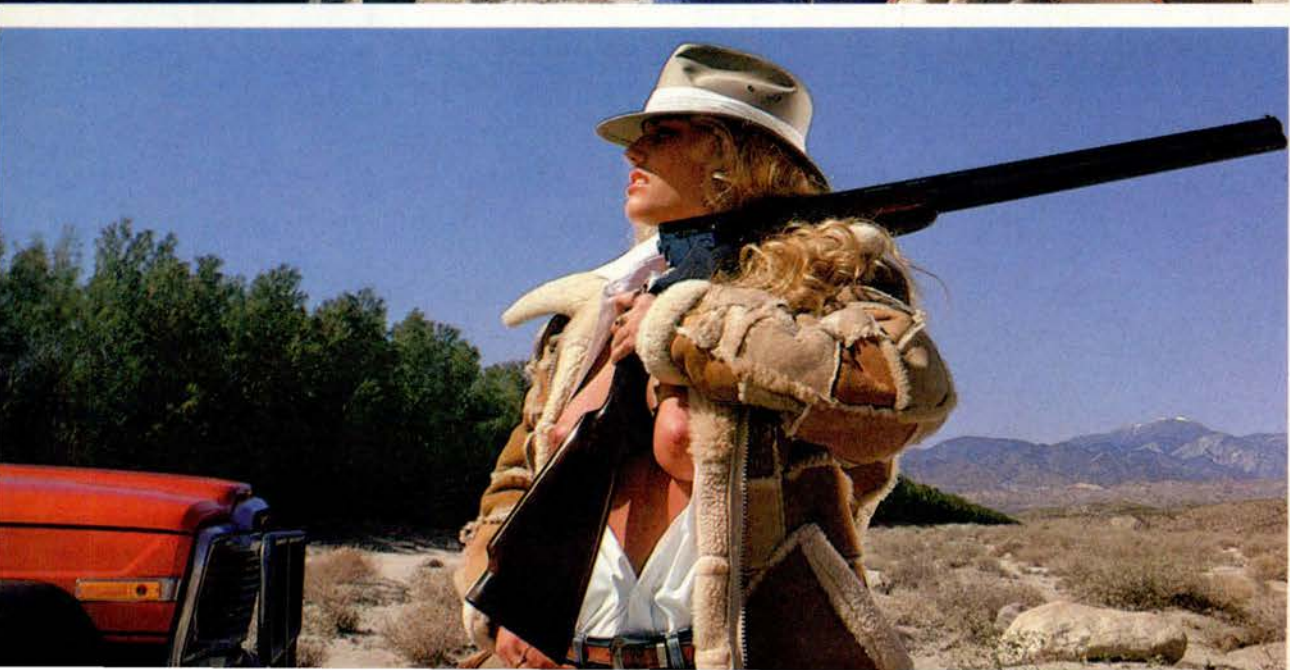


DAVIDE TINSLEY



LORELEI RIDING SHOTGUN

Twenty-two-year-old Lorelei loves to hunt. "There's something primitive, animal-like about tracking game," she says. But it happens that this Southern-born beauty has other primitive passions as well. "I just go wild in bed," she drawls. "I mean, when I'm with a man, anything goes. . . ." She drifts off, caressing the polished butt of her gun. "Let's just say that when it comes to hunting—men or critters—I always aim to please."

















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HUSTLER HUMOR



One night the Pope was saying his bedtime prayers when God came down to listen. Sitting on the Pope's bed, He said, "You've been such a good Pontiff and such a devoted follower of mine that I'm going to grant you any wish you'd like."

The Pope was overcome with emotion. For a little while he couldn't think of anything to say. Finally he confessed there was one thing that really irked him. "M & M's—" he began.

"M & M's?!" exclaimed God incredulously. "Gee, I've always thought they were harmless enough. What seems to be your problem with them?"

"Well," answered the Pope, "I'm not getting any younger, You know, and it's becoming harder and harder to peel them."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *epileptic seizure* as: a thrash dance.

A couple who had five children went to see a gynecologist and asked what he could recommend to keep the wife from getting pregnant again. The gyno gave the husband some rubbers and told him to place one on his organ before having intercourse.

Two months later the couple were back in the doctor's office; the wife was expecting once again. The puzzled physician examined his patient, then asked the husband, "Didn't you put a rubber on your organ before intercourse the way I told you to?"

"Well, not exactly," the husband replied. "You see, we don't have an organ; so we just laid one on the piano."

Question: What is the miracle of AIDS?
Answer: It turns fruits into vegetables.

A small-town country lawyer and his wife were out taking a walk when a hip, flashily dressed young female passed by and shouted a sexy "Hiya, Sam" at him.

The lawyer, his face reddening, gave a mild "How do" and walked on.

"And who was that?" asked his suspicious wife, her lips tightening slightly into an angry scowl.

"Oh, just . . . a young woman I met professionally," he answered sheepishly.

"Oh, yeah?" she queried. "Your profession or hers?"

When the boy came into the school playground, he found his friend sitting in the corner, shaking like a leaf. "What happened, Billy?" the boy asked.

"I was walking down Main Street," Billy answered, "when that big bully from the seventh grade started to chase me. I turned down the alley, but he slid around the corner after me. Then I ran down Elm and around the corner, but he slid after me again."

"Wow!" the first boy exclaimed. "If I'd been you, I would have shit in my pants!"

"What do you think that bully was sliding on?"

Question: What's pink and hairy and sits on a wall?
Answer: Humpty Cunt.

Macho Joe walked into a singles bar and sat down next to a very attractive girl. "How would you feel about the two of us engaging in a little oral sex?" he leered.

"It depends," the girl replied. "Your face or mine?"

A little Jewish guy who couldn't have weighed more than 70 pounds went to Houston on business. He checked into a hotel that was 50 stories high and was shown into a suite the size of a ballroom.

Overwhelmed, he went down to the bar and was served a drink in a glass so large, he needed both hands to lift it. "Everything's big in Texas, pal," said the bartender with a wink.

When the fellow's steak dinner arrived, the plate was completely covered by the meat. "Hey, everything's big in Texas," said the waiter.

Completely overcome, the little guy decided it was time to hit his super-king-size bed, but he lost his way in the hotel's vast corridors. Opening the door of a darkened room, he fell into the hotel swimming pool.

"What ever you do," he sputtered, "don't flush!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *Polish vibrator* as: a mop handle and six relatives shaking the bed.

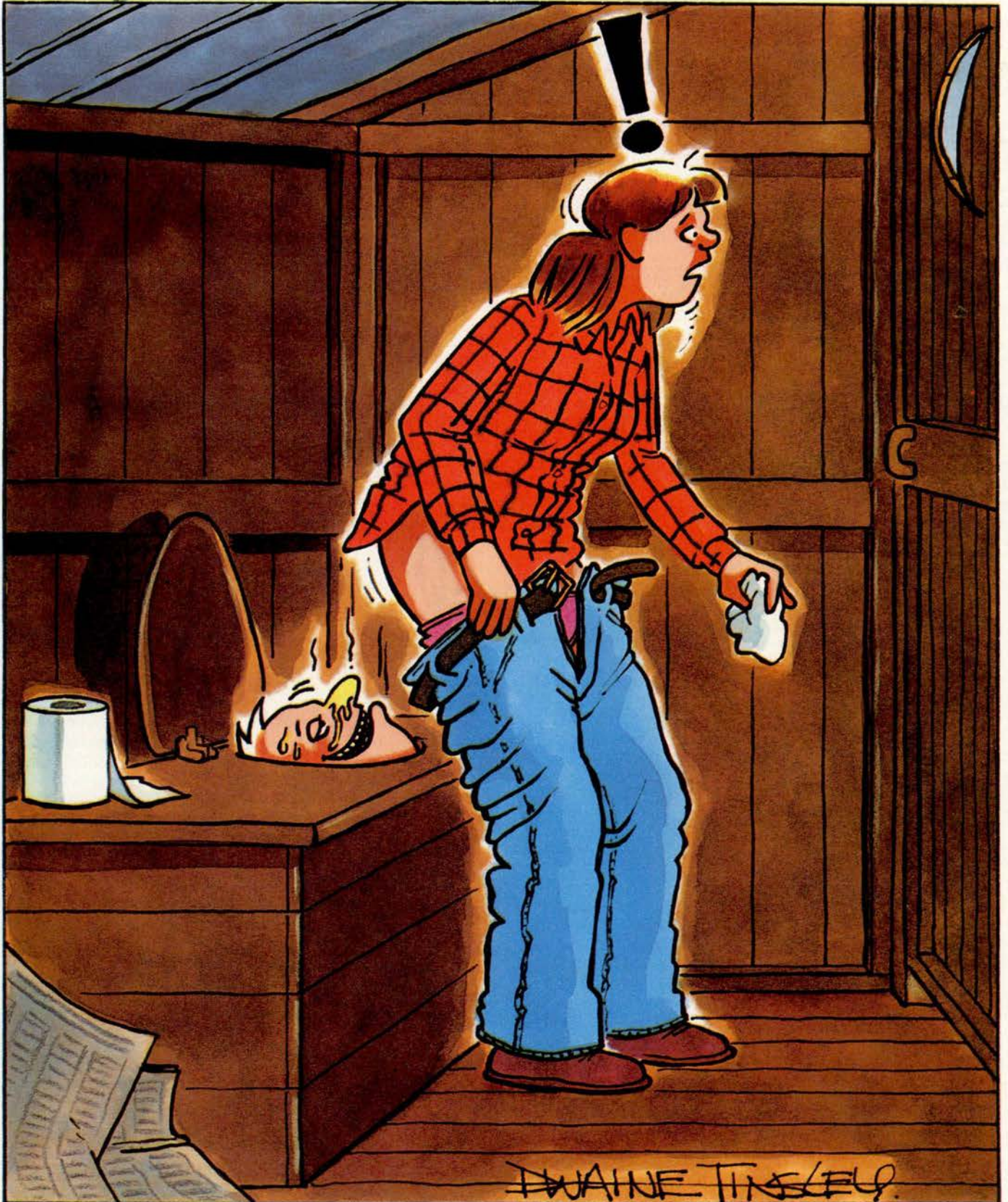
A pretty, voluptuous high-school girl led an active sex life despite a mild heart condition that flared up from time to time. One evening she brought her latest flame home to dinner. Her father, oblivious to his daughter's past sexual exploits but suspecting she might be getting serious with her dinner guest, took it upon himself to say a few words to the young man. Concerned that she was perhaps hiding her heart condition from her suitor, the father approached him during a lull in the evening.

"I think there is something about my daughter you should know," her father said as the boy's face turned fearful. "She has acute angina."

"Yeah, I know," replied the boy with an impish grin. "And she's got a great pair of tits too!"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

Chester the MOLEster



"Ahhh...!"

MOTHER NATURE (continued from page 60)

A recent surge in cases of bubonic plague was traced to bands of infected roof rats, raccoons and squirrels.

that *las cucarachas* were crawling up their legs.

These creatures' ability to reproduce themselves is uncanny. Under the very best conditions a single breeding pair of roaches can blossom into a family of 10 million over a 12-month period. A be-headed cockroach can continue to function sexually for up to 48 hours, and some female roaches can reproduce without benefit of male fertilization. Add to this the cockroach's indiscriminating palate, plus its growing immunity to certain pesticides, and the task facing public-health agencies is readily apparent.

Rodents



"The Berkeley Sewer Department will begin underground sewer repairs in our area on Monday, September 26... and has advised everyone to be alert for rodents," read a memo circulated at the California-based Altex Scientific Division

of Beckman Instruments. "As an added precaution they advise us to keep ALL TOILET LIDS CLOSED when not in use." Altex office wags labeled this the "Look Before You Leak" memo.

But all over the United States today wandering rodents—particularly rats—are no joking matter. Sitting in a downtown Chicago theater, Joseph Wade was watching a horror movie called *The Creeper* when a rat actually bit him on the ankle. "Rat bites are commonplace," said a nurse at the hospital where Wade was treated. "They are running like crazy in those theaters."

Chagrined Wisconsin officials admitted last year that in certain areas of Milwaukee one in ten homes was infested with rats. Especially distressing was the fact that the large rodents—once thought to fear man—now show a willingness to compete with humans for food and shelter. The Milwaukee situation was consistent with that described by other government agencies, which this year for the first time expect the number of reported rat bites to top 100,000.

Referred to as "the devil's lapdogs" because of their ability to adapt to any environment over the centuries, common rats have been multiplying at a truly alarming rate. One female rat can produce up to 100 offspring in a single year. Predators who feed on rats are not nearly so fertile. Consequently, rats outnumber their natural enemies by a huge—and always-increasing—margin.

In Asia and elsewhere squalid living conditions combined with wet weather have given rise to super-rat colonies that exceed the populations of nearby cities by 20 to 1 or more. The resulting social and economic costs are staggering.

Last year in China, where more than 160 species flourish, rats ate as much grain as the nation imported—an incredible 15 million tons. Without its rat problem China could have fed twice as many of its poorest citizens, or the same number of citizens twice as much. Befuddled Chinese scientists announced that rats have managed an achievement long believed to be impossible: They are now feeding on weasels, owls and other animals that used to feed on them.

But rats can no longer be identified strictly with poverty and squalor. New York City was recently forced to undertake an ambitious campaign aimed at eliminating the large, aggressive rats that had settled in opposite several of Fifth Avenue's plush million-dollar cooperative apartments. A few blocks away operators of the famed horse-drawn carriages complained about the oversize rodents loose at the south entrance to Central Park, oblivious to noise and traffic.

The message was not lost on the community at large: Rats had ceased to hold mankind in awe. The same is true for other members of the rodent family—especially on the West Coast, where a recent surge in cases of bubonic plague was traced to marauding bands of infected roof rats, raccoons and squirrels.

In Los Angeles, civil engineers theorized that an aqueduct rupture last January most likely was the work of a colony of large squirrels. At least two recent electric-power outages were attributed to this persistent pest, whose burrowing has also been blamed for landslides in expensive real-estate subdivisions.

What concerns scientists most is that rodent behavior seems increasingly directed toward no rational purpose except intentional sabotage and destruction. Maybe that's why horror flicks like *Deadly Eyes*—the story of big-city rodents who feed on chemically treated animal grain, grow to enormous proportions and proceed to add humans beings to their regular diet—seem more and more believable.

(continued on page 86)



"Mom says she swallowed a watermelon seed, but I think Dad knocked her up."

B4/00



"I just hate it when the Olympics roll around!"

HIGHBALLIN'

"Break 1-9 for the Sundance Kid; you got your ears on? This is Easy Rider on beaver patrol, cruisin' the super-slab for miniskirt."







"Mercy sakes, I just spotted two truckin' teens off the rip-strip halfway between Sin City and Shakeytown. Looks like a couple of genuine pavement princesses. Oh, me! Time to put the hammer down. I'm goin' horizontal. Back to you later. That's a big 10-4."















MOTHER NATURE (continued from page 74)

Two researchers reported being caught in a shower of bee feces that left splotches on them and their vehicle.

Bees

Disturbing reports about the Russians' use of chemical warfare during the 1979 invasion of Afghanistan made headlines around the world. Showers of "yellow rain"—as the chemical sprayings were called—were said to have left primitive tribesmen twitching, jerking and bleeding to death. Two years later, refugees fleeing from Thailand, Laos and Cambodia indicated they had come under similar chemical attacks by forces of Soviet- and Vietnamese-backed regimes.

But what was thought to have been another sordid chapter in man's inhumanity to his fellow man may have actually been something totally different. According to two American scientists who recently returned from Thailand, "yellow rain" is nothing more than "massive defecation flights by wild honeybees."

Drs. Matthew S. Meselson of Harvard University, a chemical-warfare expert,

and Thomas D. Seeley, a Yale University bee expert, reported that they were caught in a five-minute shower of bee feces that left splotches ranging in size from tiny specks to almost one-fourth inch in diameter both on them and their vehicle. The spots—in various shades of yellow from nearly white to brownish—contained a high percentage of pollen, which bees eat in large amounts.

Equally terrifying are the African killer bees that are methodically working their way toward the United States. Sudden movement—such as a dark shadow—or even the ingestion of carbon dioxide exhaled by humans or animals can trigger an immediate attack from millions of these swarming insects. For those who are sensitive to normal bee stings, a killer-bee onslaught could easily lead to shock, followed soon by respiratory collapse—and death.

The instinct of these bees to attack is so strong that it unites rival bee colonies in times of what appears to be danger. A casual bystander who swats at a single scout bee may find himself besieged by countless "squadrons" from different hives.

Only after the transgressor is disabled or killed do they revert to being mortal enemies.

The bees are currently moving north from their homes in Brazil at the rate of approximately 400 miles per year, although there are indications that their speed is accelerating as they make their way through Central America. Mexican bee expert Antonio Sozaya has speculated that they will reach his country in full force by early 1986.

Beyond a loss of life their imminent arrival also promises monumental agricultural devastation. Because of their methodical and unrelenting aggressiveness, African bees are capable of quickly overwhelming the tamer species of domestic honeybee on which farmers depend for flower or crop pollination. But the African bees needn't kill their domestic relatives in order to conquer them; the introduction of just a few African males into a domestic bee society will result in rampant crossbreeding and offspring in which the killer instinct dominates.

Based on reproductive patterns already observed in South and Central America, bee experts predict that American hives will consist almost entirely of these new, "Africanized" bees—a danger of the highest order. Potential crop losses in the aftermath of a killer-bee invasion have been placed in the \$8-billion range.

"We are not convinced that you can ever learn to live with them," says researcher Allen Sylvester. "We see them as exceedingly dangerous pests."

Ants

Due to the Brazilian fire ant, a voracious insect said to bite 2.5 million people each month, parts of Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia and South Carolina were added last year to the roster of warm-weather states already under quarantine. "The South has been conquered," admits Dr. Murray Blum of the University of Georgia in describing the scope of fire-ant infestation. "We have never dealt with a social insect that is running loose in this country. It is totally out of control."

The tiny, reddish-brown creatures, which inhabit a quarter billion acres of prime Sunbelt turf, are perhaps America's most immediate agricultural problem. In addition to disfiguring farmland, parks and other landscaped areas with their unsightly mounds, the ants are presently causing crop damage in excess of \$100 million per year. They have also been known to disable farm machinery and cause massive damage to harvesting equipment.



"Aw, shit! A Negro! Damn things give me the shits!"

**EVERYTHING
MUST GO!**

**CLOSE
SALE**



Traskey

MOTHER NATURE (continued from page 86)

In a typical month fire ants will kill hundreds of animals—and at least several dozen humans.

As harmful as the ants are to agriculture, they are despised even more for their viciousness. Their name derives not so much from their color as from the painfulness of their bite, which has been compared to a scalding-hot hypodermic needle jabbed underneath the skin.

When the ants attack—which they do without apparent provocation—they strike as a colony, usually numbering in the millions. Small animals caught in the midst of such an attack are recognizable only by shape; their physical features become obscured beneath thick clusters of ants in a sharklike feeding frenzy.

In a typical month fire ants will kill hundreds of game animals and cattle—and at least several dozen of the 4,000 humans who suffer allergic reactions to them severe enough to require hospitalization. For unknown reasons older people who have retired to the South from the North or Midwest are especially susceptible to the venom produced by these pests. Many have died as a direct or indirect result of the attacks—which in addition to being savage, are also quite calculated. "They go for the soft parts first," says the Sierra

Club's Monica Walden.

Although they don't seem to reproduce or function quite as well in colder regions, fire ants have an unsettling instinct for taking up residence in a warm home when faced with bad weather. But regardless of the environment, food is no problem: Like swarming locusts, they will "eat anything that can even remotely be construed as food," says Betsy Adams of the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

Because of the ants' flexibility regarding climate and food supply, researchers are not optimistic about the chances of stemming this threat. "Will it go coast to coast?" Blum mused recently. "I think yes."

If he's right, there's no telling how much farmland—and how many lives—may be lost in the process.



Fruit Flies

A far more subtle—if no less sobering—danger exists in the form of the Mexican

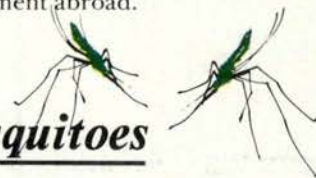
fruit fly, whose appearance in Los Angeles during the fall of 1983 sparked widespread alarm among farmers and economists. The brownish-yellow insect spoils fruit by laying its eggs under the skin. Agricultural experts consider this fly to be a super-pest because of its large size and hardy constitution—characteristics that enable it to survive and reproduce despite quarantines and helicopter dousings with the controversial pesticide malathion.

An all-out Mex-fly infestation would imperil the bulk of California's grapefruits, oranges, avocados and peaches—crops that account for roughly 70% of the state's total agricultural exports. New flies continue to be found in various districts of Los Angeles, and quarantine perimeters have had to be expanded twice. Unfortunately, fruit quarantines—prohibiting the removal of produce from a defined geographical area—have a history of failure.

Once the Mex-fly threat has been disposed of, authorities may well have another intruder on their hands. Two tiny Caribbean fruit flies, fast-moving creatures with an agricultural impact that is far out of proportion to their size, recently turned up for the first time in California's San Diego County.

Assistant Agriculture Commissioner Raymond Rinder cautioned that "the susceptible crops may amount to over \$500 million" in market value and that the state's Food and Agriculture Department was monitoring the situation carefully.

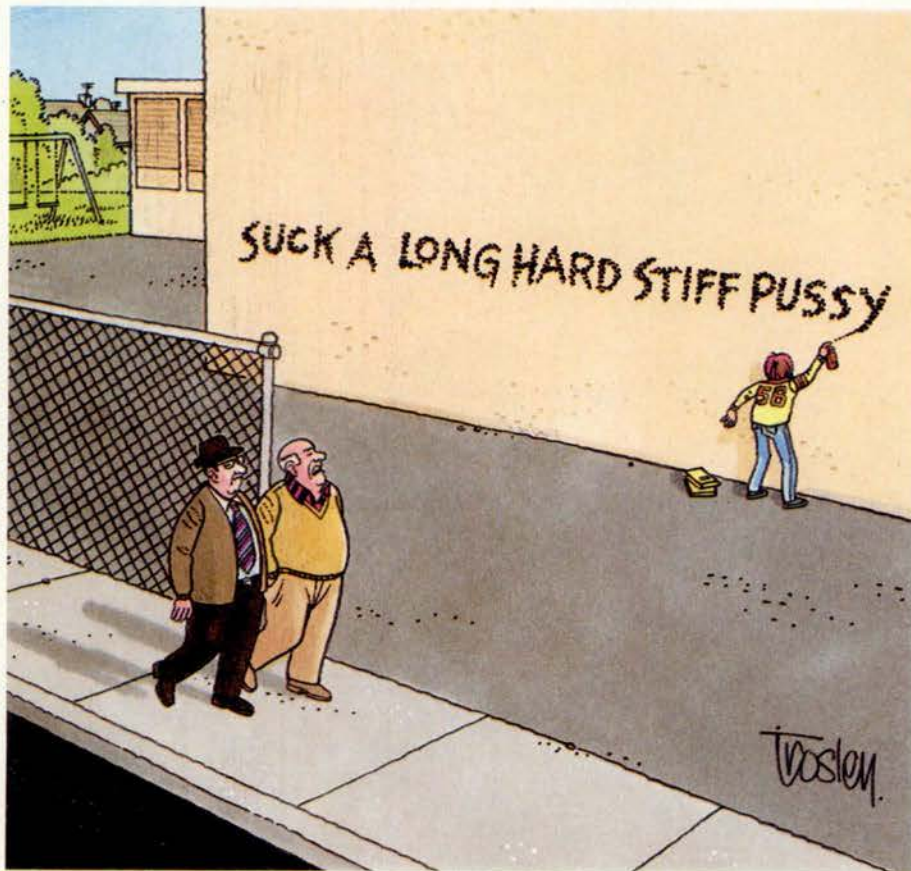
Does the discovery of only two flies suggest this is a case of much ado about nothing? Perhaps, but those who feel that the authorities are overreacting would do well to study recent events in Florida, where a handful of breeding pairs led to a full-scale infestation and a costly quarantine of citrus crops that were earmarked for shipment abroad.



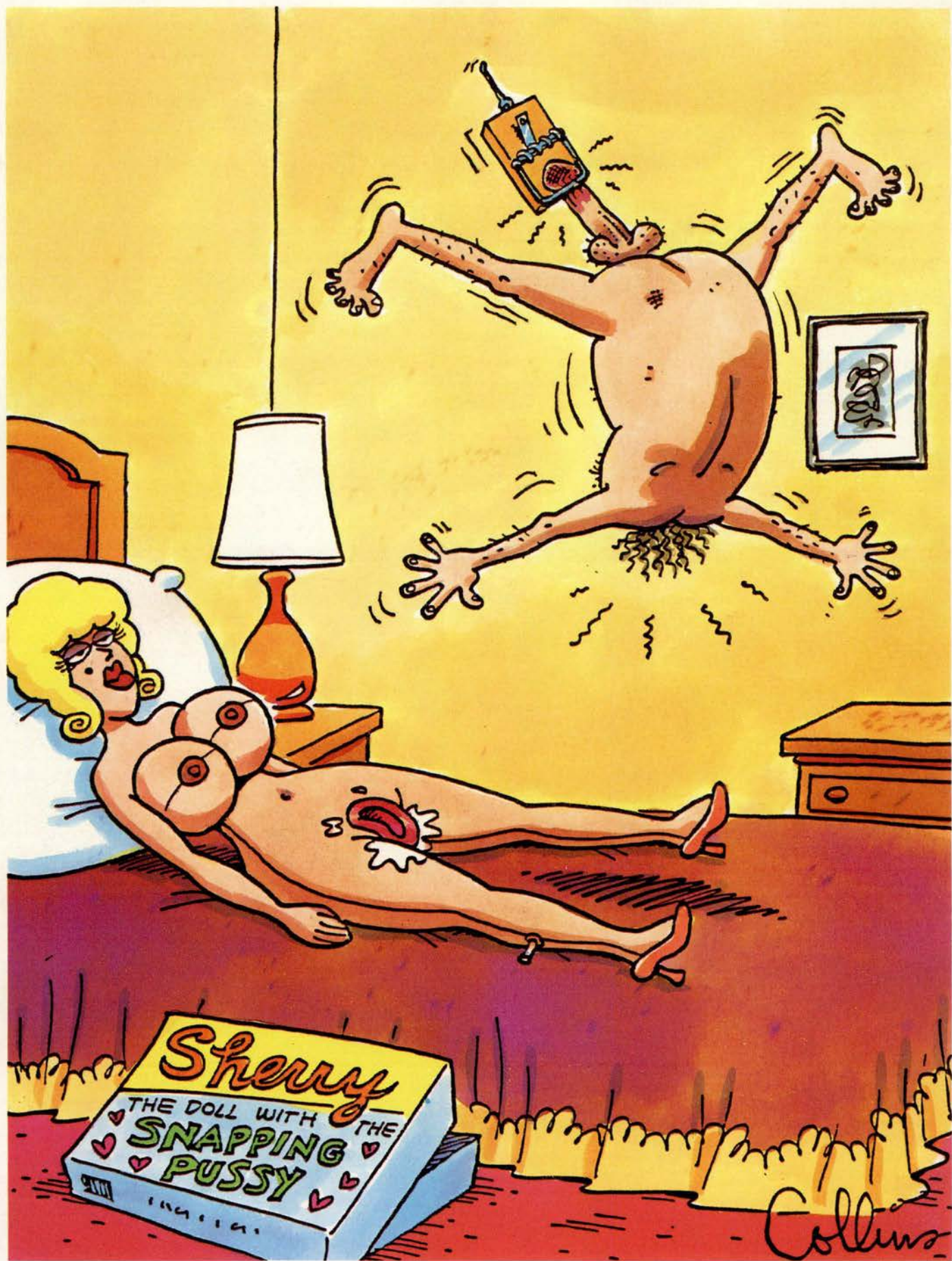
Mosquitoes

These pesky predators have the distinction of being the only insect that is openly hostile toward human beings. Unlike killer bees, however, they are harmful less for their sting than for what that sting may carry: malaria. Earlier in this century massive public-hygiene campaigns—combined with major advances in chemical research—brought about a drastic reduction in the incidence of this dreaded disease. But today the pesticideproof strain of *Anopheles* mosquito is once again putting some 40% of the world's population in serious malaria jeopardy.

(continued on page 98)



"Maybe we do need more sex education in the schools. . . ."



RIO *Trio*





Sección Deportiva

Desde la tribuna

Salida impresionante para Magie

El italiano Loris Sotgiu, campeón mundial supergigante









It's carnival time in Rio de Janeiro, but Pablo's spent the whole day on business, investigating the suspicious relationship between two Brazilian heiresses. Once he finally catches up with them, it doesn't take this private eye long to persuade the two dames—Maria and Alicia—to join him for "interrogation" in his hotel room. You might say they're Rio's answer to the Doublemint Twins. The minute they walk in the door, the two luscious young ladies are all over him. He decides to take a hot bath and let them help with the scrubbing.







Pablo's hands, lips and tongue are soon feasting on the Brazilian girls' firm brown flesh, making them giggle and sigh. Maria's kind of shy, but she says she'll do anything her friend Alicia will do—and Alicia will do *anything*. (Blame it on Rio?) Pretty soon the bathwater isn't the only thing that's hot and wet. When the gals beg for it, the dick is ready to give it to them all night long. But in the morning he's on the phone to his clients, telling them what kind of daughters they really have. Of course he doesn't tell them *everything*. Even detective work, after all, has its fringe benefits.



MOTHER NATURE (continued from page 88)

After the atomic attack on Hiroshima the only living things found near Ground Zero were cockroaches.

To make matters worse, Malaria has evolved into several forms that resist standard remedies. The best hope pioneering researcher Dr. William Trager can offer is that "with a little luck" a breakthrough might come in "a reasonable number" of years. Trager's small ray of optimism provides little consolation, though, to the estimated 25 million people who will die before 1990 in the absence of such a medical development.

The mosquito menace isn't limited only to malaria. The insect's painful stings can inflict a wide array of other ailments, including canine heartworm, encephalitis (inflammation of the brain) and Rocky Mountain spotted fever.

Gypsy Moths

The dreaded gypsy moth strips the leaves from trees, leaving denuded woodlands with the nightmarish look of a post-nuclear terrain. A species of caterpillar that has a locustlike effect on vegetation,

they are currently defoliating plant life in 18 states across the United States and are spreading westward at the rate of 13 million acres a year.

In one typical outbreak on New York's Long Island nearly 30,000 fruit trees died in a single summer. Similar occurrences in major farming regions would soon have a cataclysmic impact on the world's food supply. One group of researchers calculates that if all the conditions were "right," \$30 billion in crops could fall to gypsy moths and their locustlike relatives in little more than a year's time.

Mindful of these dangers, scientists have inaugurated a space-satellite locust-watch program in the hopes of identifying conditions that have already been determined to predict major locust onslaughts. But the program, coordinated by the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization, includes no solid provisions for combating the insects once the probability of an attack has been diagnosed.

This is a serious shortcoming, since prevention is really the only hope: A locust attack is all but impossible to abort once it has gotten under way, unless procedures

are used that might also endanger millions of people and livestock in the process or introduce lethal chemicals into the food chain.

"We're damned if we do and damned if we don't," says a discouraged U.N. researcher attached to the space-satellite project. "I guess maybe we're just damned, period."

* * *

As one might have guessed by now, there is no quick fix for all of these problems. So robust are the animals and insects wreaking havoc every day on this planet that the only chemical agents which *might* provide some measure of control are too toxic for general use. Recently this issue made headlines when cake mixes were pulled from supermarket shelves after they were found to be contaminated with ethylene dibromide (EDB), a known carcinogen used by farmers to prevent agricultural pests from destroying their crops.

Even malathion, which is considered to be one of the safest of the powerful insecticides, has come under fire from residents of areas where the chemical is being used against the Mexican fruit fly. They blame malathion spraying for the mysterious ailments that have bothered and/or hospitalized their children.

Chemical programs aren't a surefire cure for pests either. Roaches have survived and flourished in spite of the most intensive spraying campaigns, as have rats and other types of vermin.

Such programs can also backfire ecologically. A 1983 campaign intended to control the growing coyote population in Southern California failed to eliminate the threat, but it did succeed in killing at least one of the 25 remaining California condors, an endangered species.

Chinese health officials suffered a similar embarrassment when a poison-bait project aimed at killing rats actually ended up ridding the country of a large number of those vermin's natural enemies instead. The fiasco was reminiscent of early attempts to halt the fire ant from spreading across the Gulf states through the use of potent chemicals; the plan had to be abandoned when cattle and small game suddenly began weakening or dying.

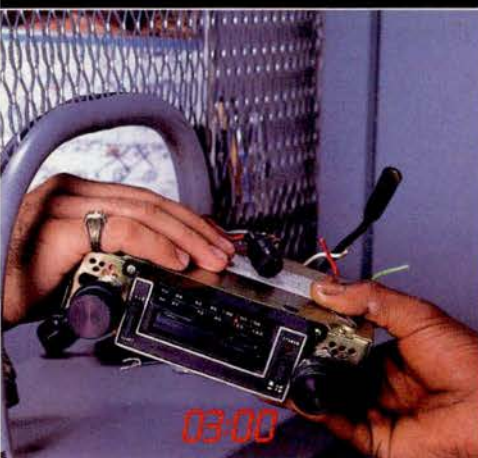
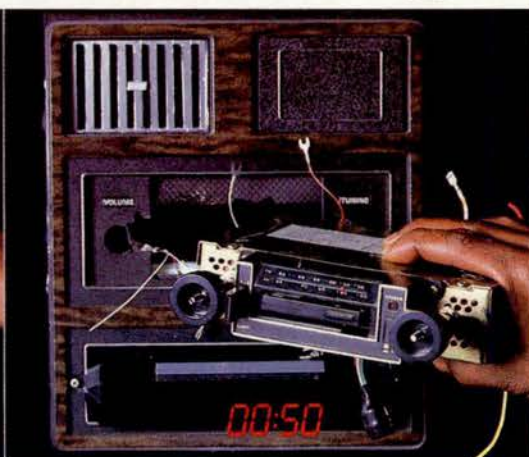
Many of the best remedies against environmental pests come from nature itself. To combat rats, the Chinese government is now offering bounties to families who keep cats. Researchers in New York report that the best way to control cockroaches is not with heavily advertised products like Roach Motel, but with a seven-inch-long lizard called a *tokay gecko*. Supposedly, the creatures make fine pets for families without children.

The use of nature against itself, however, is a step that warrants extreme

AUGUST HUSTLER



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AD PARODY—NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY

HUSTLER MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST MODEL RELEASE



Here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt* contest—see opposite page. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Please Print

Model's Name _____ Name to Be Published _____

Address _____

Date of Birth _____ Phone (include area code) _____

Model's Social Security Number _____

Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer _____

NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY

I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its affiliates, successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make any changes or any additions whatsoever to such photographs, portraits or any of the above information. I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I also understand that if the editors so decide, my photographs can be published in GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION Magazine's photo contest, *My Woman... My Wife*, in which case the prize awarded is \$50, or in another affiliated magazine for an amount to be determined by that magazine. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

WARNING: ANYONE SIGNING THIS RELEASE FORM OTHER THAN THE MODEL WILL BE SUBJECT TO MONETARY DAMAGES AND/OR CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.

I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

Model's Legal Signature _____

Date _____

caution—especially where bacteriological means are concerned. In their native Brazil, for example, fire ants are kept reasonably in check by a parasite peculiar to the South American wetlands.

Some have suggested importing the parasite to the Sunbelt in the United States, but scientists are fearful of introducing the organism here, since they have no way of knowing what complications such an act might bring to our delicate bacteriological balance. The public hysteria caused by AIDS and Legionnaire's disease underscores the potential tragedy that can stem from the spread of unfamiliar strains of bacteria.

In the meantime experts are relying on a number of stopgap measures that are rooted in simple common sense. Restrictions on the movement of soil, sod and even farm equipment will not halt the fire ant, but at least they prevent us from unwittingly aiding in its spread.

Fruit quarantines should help to contain Mexican fruit flies. Beekeepers have been told to keep vigilant watch over their hives in the event that an African species makes an unscheduled appearance. Lovers of the outdoors who want to minimize the risk of contracting malaria or bubonic plague are well advised to stay out of dense foliage or marshland, to wear high boots, to sleep only in screened tents and to avoid swatting at *any* flying insects.

Unfortunately, such measures can be only partially effective in the face of Mother Nature's increasing fury. A telling example of how vulnerable we really are occurred not long ago at a funeral in Sao Paulo, Brazil.

One of the mourners tossed a handful of dirt at several seemingly harmless bees that had strayed too close to the coffin. Suddenly, the 400 people assembled at the grave site were viciously attacked by killer bees. Dozens were seriously injured in the hourlong siege—which ended only when the Brazilian authorities brought in flamethrowers.

But even such extreme tactics may prove futile in the final analysis. The record shows that nature's pests have survived weaponry far more terrifying than flamethrowers.

When the first Red Cross volunteers entered Hiroshima, Japan, following America's atomic attack in 1945, the only living things they found within a mile of Ground Zero were cockroaches. And armies of rats were seen rummaging through charred debris no more than two miles from the blast site.

The cruel irony may well be that even if man one day eliminates himself in the horror of a nuclear holocaust, he may still fail to stamp out the vermin that plagued him at the end. ☹

PERFECT STRANGERS

(continued from page 56)

screwed each other's wives up the ass. And on other occasions the two women gave them blowjobs simultaneously—sometimes spending hours alternating from cock to cock.

"Nights like those destroyed all my fantasies," Pete confesses. "I haven't a single one left. They've all come true."

Ron and Kim eventually purchased the house next door to Billie and Pete in Providence. Although the four still swing together periodically, they've now become more like brothers and sisters than rabid sex fanatics.

"Our initial time together was like finding new mates," Billie says. "We were on fire those first eight months, and there were times we were so interchangeable, you couldn't tell who was married to whom. But as in any relationship, things slowly cooled. They have since become our closest friends. We can find sex partners anytime, but good friendships are a lot harder.

"Ron and Kim were only living together when we first met them, and when they got married a few months later, they asked us to go with them on their honeymoon. Kim said she wanted us to come because she wanted to be sure they had a good trip. We declined—Pete couldn't get the vacation from work—but we really wanted to. I think it would have been the honeymoon of all time! Now we're like one big, happy family with them living next door. We really love each other."

Like many other social customs, swinging takes on different personalities in various sections of the country. In Southern California, swingers are far more open than anywhere else. People freely admit that they swing, and they treat it very casually. McGinley's Club WideWorld, for example, encounters no resistance to its requirement that prospective members fill out applications listing full name, address, telephone number and occupation—just like any other private club.

In other locales, however, asking for real names, addresses and occupations is out of the question. "We'd be out of business if we operated that way," says Debby, who with her husband, Bill, operates Players—a club that holds weekly Saturday-night house parties at their secluded ranch house in Scottsdale, Arizona. "You can get harassed real easy here and lose your job. So we go first-name basis only, and even at that most people give us false names.

"There are more than 500 swingers in the Phoenix-Scottsdale area. But none would come to our parties if they had to tell us their full names or what they do."

(continued on page 108)

\$10,000

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BEAVER-HUNTER
CAPS
TO ALL
CONTESTANTS



(EVEN IF WE
DON'T PUBLISH
YOUR PHOTO)

Beaver Hunt

August's hot weather is a great excuse to use for getting your special lady to take it all off in a *Beaver Hunt* photo-session. And besides, there's never been a better time than now for her to bare her beautiful bod. In addition to awarding \$100 to every Beaver whose photo appears on these pages, in each issue we select one entry to be our Beaver of the Month. She appears on pages 106-107. Every monthly winner will

compete in our Beaver of the Year contest, with a grand prize that's worth \$10,000—including exclusive contracts to appear as a HUSTLER model and to star in an upcoming HUSTLER video! A couple of Polaroids are fine. All photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry (preferably more than one photo) to *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Use the model release on page 100, or a facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your Beaver her \$100.



Photo by Mitch

San Francisco, California, is home for 18-year-old Holly McBride, who gets off by fantasizing about posing for *Beaver Spotlight*.



Photo by David

Making believe she's the star of a steaming-hot porno flick always satisfies the sexual hunger of 26-year-old Jeri of Minneapolis, Minnesota.

76P20X2 11/82
DEPART
COUNTY

Men & Women
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Crystal, 21,
of Indianapolis, Indiana,
would like to sit on her boyfriend's
fool while galloping through the
woods on a black stallion.

Photo by Boyfriend



S
1
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15
22
29



Photo by Jerry

Twenty-year-old Kristine of Custer,
South Dakota, gets into Harley.
riding and pool playing, and has vivid
fantasies of taking on five guys at once.



Photo by Rich

Chester Springs, Pennsylvania's Linda Lu, 23,
would love to be tit-fucked
in the middle of a field
with warm summer rain
pouring down on her.

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MARK TAPER FORUM
SATURD
8:00-2:00
22



Photo by Husband

NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR CLOTHES LEFT OVER 90

Talk about outrageous fantasies!
Twenty-nine-year-old Dee of
Ocala, Florida, wants to participate
in a threesome with Tom Selleck
and Paul Newman.



Photo by J.C. Secret



Photo by Husband

Kinky Monette Simone
DeClue is a 22-year-
old singer/songwriter from
Corvina, California. She says
her fantasies are too far
out to mention here.

Romantic Sue J.
is from Roy, Vermont.
This 25-year-old dreams
of making love by moonlight
in a clearing in the woods.

LOT NO. 10753
10121 Galaxy Way
operated by KinPark



Photo by Lenny

Rose, 27, of Hazlet, New Jersey, would like to have Rod Stewart pump her to the suggestive rhythms of his hit song "Hot Legs."



Photo by Garrison

Twenty-year-old Cherry of Norristown, Pennsylvania, says she'd like to make love on center stage with singer Teddy Pendergrass.



Photo by Norm

Adventurous Candy Jo is 22 and from Bloomfield, Missouri, where she gets off on trying new things anytime, anyplace and anywhere.



Photo by Martin

HELLO my name is

Franklin, Indiana, is home for 21-year-old Marilyn, who'd get off on running an all-male strip bar and offering her body as one of the chief fringe benefits for her employees.

Photo by Ralph



Sandi, 35, of Virginia Beach, Virginia, longs to make it on a moonlit beach with waves crashing over her and her lover.



Photo by Brent

Twenty-nine-year-old Lori B. of Hamilton, Ohio, dreams of having four men take turns with her all night long.



BEAVER SPOTLIGHT

The day our March 1984 *Beaver Hunt* photo of 29-year-old Christy hit the newsstands, word spread quickly through her hometown of Lebanon, Oregon (population 10,000). Were her family, friends and neighbors scandalized by her premier appearance in *HUSTLER*? "Not at all," she replies. "Everyone just said, 'You've sure got more balls than I do!'"



Christy was surprised and delighted to hear she'd been chosen for *Beaver Spotlight*. "After I appeared in *Beaver Hunt*, I never gave it another thought. I was caught totally off-guard when the Talent Coordinator at HUSTLER called to tell me I'd been named August's Beaver of the Month."

Christy claims people's sex lives are pretty tame in her Pacific Northwest community. "Nothing exciting ever happens here," she says. But if our eager Beaver ever gets to act out *her* fantasies, Lebanon could become another Peyton Place. "First of all," she says, "I'd like to find an innocent young virgin and initiate him in the ways of erotic love." And then? "I'd rather not say," she answers coyly. "I'm afraid it's a little too bizarre to print—even in HUSTLER!"



PERFECT STRANGERS (continued from page 100)

It was exactly like junior high school all over again, anticipating that first fuck of my life so long ago.

Only in the past ten years have swingers appeared in great enough numbers to support the four new swing organizations and two sex magazines that have sprouted up recently in Arizona. Other areas also boast growing numbers of swingers who, though cautious and discreet, are creating new markets and new social interactions.

In Chicago, for example, owners Mike LaCroix and Robin Winkler of the Executive North Social Club report 3,000 active members and a swingers list that's "growing every day." They sponsor meetings for prospective members once a week and arrange socials for up to 200 couples a month.

In New England, swinging has spread far beyond Boston to small towns in New Hampshire's White Mountains, to the sea-coast fishing villages of Maine and to the farmlands of Vermont. Billie and Pete Patterson recall particularly wild times at bisexual bars and hangouts in Hallowell, Maine, outside Augusta. Like 80% to 90% of women who swing, Billie is enthusiastically bisexual and now thinks of Hallowell as a cozy second home.

Swinging is also attracting thousands of first-time participants in the Northwest. New Horizons in Seattle recently constructed what may be the finest swing facility in the entire country. On 14 acres in the middle of a lush forest an octagonal, 6,000-square-foot main building includes swing rooms, game rooms, lounge areas and even its own restaurant. The main building also connects to an Olympic-size swimming pool via a heated, elevated, glass-walled walkway. This complex was created specifically to accommodate the area's ever-expanding influx of swingers.

America's heartland stands out as the weak link in the chain. For most swingers in states such as Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri, answering ads in magazines is still the only way to connect with like-minded adults. Since gossip in small towns and rural areas makes it virtually impossible for anyone to remain discreet, heartland mate-swappers must swing far away from home—usually pretending to visit out-of-town relatives while actually meeting swing partners in big-city hotels.

Such realities prompted the editor of *Swinging Encounters* to expand the

Tampa, Florida-based contact magazine's circulation into rural areas of other states. "We're already in the Carolinas and Georgia," he says, "and we get lots of letters from all over—especially Kentucky and Tennessee. I imagine the heartland areas must be like Florida was ten years ago—hush-hush, very hard to meet anybody."

The Sunshine State, he adds, is currently anything but hush-hush. "There are clubs opening in Florida all the time," he says. "Fifteen years ago Bobbi and Del Shandrew came over from the Bahamas and tried to figure out how they could start some kind of little swingers social club in a bar or on the side. Now they've grown into one of the country's better-known clubs, Playhouse South in Miami. Swingers from all over plan whole vacations around visits there."

"And our operation has grown from 1,000 copies of a little swingers newsletter four years ago to five glossy magazines, a circulation of 17,000, our own in-house print shop and 20 employees. We aren't alone; other swing magazines and most swing clubs are doing all right down here too."

Vinny Tavernese, manager of Club International—a brand-new swing club in Boca Raton—echoes this enthusiasm. "I ran a swing club in Massachusetts a few years ago, but the response there was nothing like this. When I advertised my first social back in January, I got 400 calls the first week. I think swinging could get so big down here, it might one day rival California."

Could swinging ever challenge monogamy as America's leading lifestyle? Lewis Koch, author of *Marriage and the Family*, believes that thinking about swinging is a valid fantasy but that once people try to actually live out that fantasy, they risk endangering their marriage.

"At first a couple may have some exciting experiences—although from what I see, it's usually one partner more than the other," adds Elliot Bursack, a licensed psychologist with the Cambridge Mental Health Associates in Cambridge, Massachusetts. "Then for a while they're both busy denying how jealous they are and focusing on the new delights. Suddenly, they get 'whammed'; they become aware of the hurt, anger and jealousy that's been pushed back and not looked at. At this point the marriage can come under a very severe strain."

Authoritative studies dispute this opinion. "It cannot be concluded that swinging and divorce go hand in hand," says sociologist Gilmartin, citing his survey of 100 swing couples.

Swingers themselves have always insisted that their lifestyle is not for everyone, that it should never be employed as a

(continued on page 134)





MAKING FRIENDS WITHOUT MAKING EACH OTHER

You're really a nice person," the young woman begins reassuringly. Your heart begins to sink. "And I like you a lot. . . ." You can feel it coming. "But you know, I'd just like to be—well, you know—friends."

Friends? She's got to be kidding! You've wined and dined that ungrateful bitch. What's *wrong* with her? What's *wrong* with *you*? It's the old brush-off!

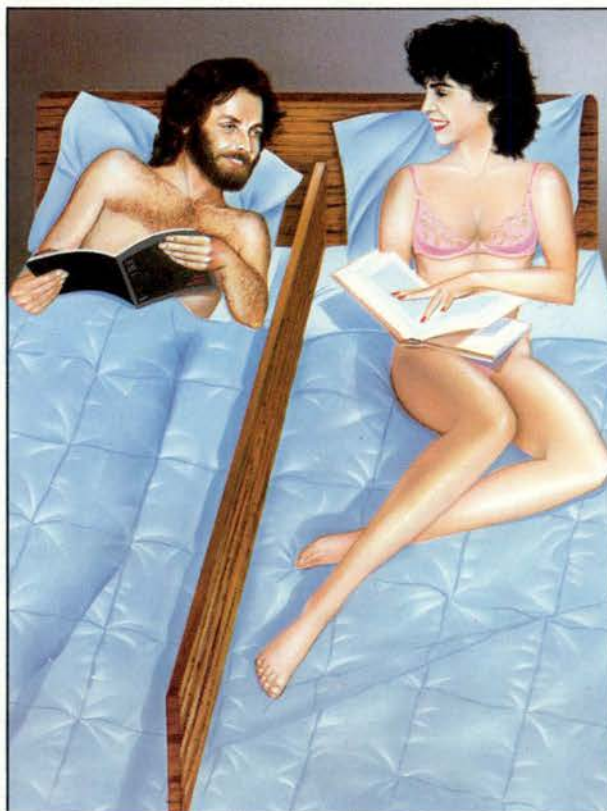
But consider for a moment: What if it *isn't*? What if she really means what she said? True, she's not interested in you sexually, but maybe she honestly thinks you're a nice person, likes you a lot and wants to be your friend.

Can it work?

Of course it can. Having a friend of the opposite sex, moreover, can be a mutually enlightening and pleasurable experience, a chance to become a better lover by learning what women really think and feel, and a chance to discover and develop aspects of yourself that same-sex friendships never revealed. In fact, as psychologist Robert Warner observes, "Massive changes in traditional sex roles are constantly occurring in our society, and there's scarcely a better way to cope with them than by having opposite-sex friendships."

Take the case of 25-year-old Stephanie, a production assistant at a major motion-picture studio who has already been married and divorced twice. "Whenever I used to come in close contact with men," she explains, "sex was always a big part of how I related. I took it for granted that every man I met wanted to go to bed with me, whether they did or not. My self-confidence demanded that."

Stephanie's attitude toward her own sexuality—and toward men—began to change when she met Jim, who also worked at the studio. Jim was married and monogamous, and though



BY FRANCESCA GARRETT

Many areas in the sexual world have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER Magazine's belief that the repression of any and all sexual information is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of revealing articles to keep your sexual knowledge current, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.

they found each other attractive, an affair was out of the question.

"We used to have lunch together, and because I wasn't busy playing the coquette—and Jim was clearly not flirting with me either—I finally began acting like an adult. He wasn't a sexual object for me to tease; he was a male person I could talk to honestly, with no need to play any games. We could confide in each other and share intimacies about our lives. For me that was a unique experience."

The friendship with Jim began to affect her relationships with other men as well. "Now that I knew how to be straight with a man, I began to play fewer games—and to take myself more seriously as a person too. Perhaps what Jim taught me is that I could honestly *like* men—not just use them for my own gratification."

An age that's busy breaking down sexual stereotypes and the barriers between the sexes opens up opportunities for men and women to get to know one another

as never before, says Warner. Tradition-bound societies rigidly separate the sexes so that they remain virtual strangers to one another; there's a "man's world" and a "woman's world."

Among the Tchambuli tribe studied by Margaret Mead, for example, the men spend their days sitting on the edge of the women's group, which consists of their wives and their female relatives. At set times the men go off to a separate men's house from which women are barred entrance. In southern Italy men and women work alongside each other in the fields, struggling to eke out a living, but all other aspects of life are sex-segregated.

Clearly, more traditional societies not only keep the sexes apart by physically segregating them, but also by instilling com-

pletely opposing attitudes in them. As a result, the chances for nonsexual relationships between them are slim.

Although men and women are less physically segregated in our modern culture of coed dorms, coed gyms and coed working environments, we aren't free of these kinds of sexual stereotypes either. Indeed, it's the fact that boys and girls are still socialized differently that makes opposite-sex friendships so challenging and rewarding. Boys are still cautioned not to cry when hurt, not to be "soft" or tender, not to focus on what they feel but rather on what they accomplish. Admitting uncertainty, fear and anxiety continues to be frowned upon and belittled as "wimpy."

According to psychologist Nancy Chodorow, "Girls enter adulthood with a complex layering of ties and a rich, ongoing inner world," while boys tend to "repress their relational needs and to develop ties based more on abstract role expectations, especially with other males." In other words, boys are tacitly taught to bury their need for emotionally significant relationships under a drive to "make something of themselves," while girls are raised to be more aware of their emotions and to be freer about expressing them.

Because of this, women tend to demand emotional openness and honesty from their friends; the closest female friendships have an almost-confessional nature.

Men, on the other hand, are more comfortable with restricting their friendly conversations to less intimate subjects such as sports or business. So for men, having a truly close friendship with a woman can involve a great many emotional changes.

"A man can't have a woman as a friend until he recognizes the feminine in himself," says 42-year-old Gerry, a race-car driver and furniture craftsman. "If a man is uptight about his macho image, he cuts out his emotional life, and it's with women that you can be a lot freer with your emotions."

Of course, opening up to another person and sharing your worries with him or her is a great buffer against stress. And opposite-sex friendships are actually better stress reducers than same-sex friendships, claims sociologist Nan Lin, who has spent the past seven years researching stressful life events. He says not only do men do better with women confidantes, but women also seem to adapt to stress better when they have male best friends. There are several theories as to why this is true. "Men and women are complementary," Lin observes. "Each brings different communication skills. When you face a stressful life event, you want someone not just to understand, but someone who is capable of helping solve the crisis."

But what about sexual attraction? Isn't

there always erotic tension even in the most platonic friendships with the opposite sex? Everyone interviewed for this article agreed that there was, although the opinions about *acting* on that tension ran the gamut from "Of course you must" to "Oh, no, absolutely not."


"As soon as there's a strong sexual attraction," admits Don, a computer engineer, "it's hard to maintain a true friendship. There's always the temptation to not tell the truth or to color the truth by couching it in its most attractive terms. You leave things out that might turn the other person off, and then if you do sleep with the woman, which is when the friendship should be the strongest because you know the most about one another, you run the risk of a lot of hurt feelings, and they get in the way—a lot of jealousies and resentments."

Most of the people interviewed felt sexual intimacy created too many barriers to emotional honesty—like jealousy and possessiveness—for it to work in a friendship. For most men and women the best thing about having an opposite-sex friendship is learning to relate in a nonsexual way. And that in itself can be liberating.

Margaret, a 42-year-old artist who has always liked men and has "no sexual hang-ups," has had male friends all her life. "Male energy adds a special dimension," she says appreciatively. "The things that men are supposed to have in this culture, they actually do have. It's a gross exaggeration to say that men are logical and women emotional, but somewhere in that spectrum it's really true. When you're with a friend of the opposite sex, it's as if you're taken out of your smaller world into a larger world and allowed to see and experience everything in different terms."

"And I like the erotic tension. You have to be aware of any person you're close to as an erotic being. You know you're free to go to bed together, but you sacrifice that right intentionally for the sake of pure friendship. The sacrifice creates deeper trust and a kind of quiet, secure knowledge of one another. Sexual relationships begin and end, but friendships endure."

Clearly, there are no hard-and-fast rules for a successful friendship between a man and a woman; it may be platonic, or it may not be. The key, it seems, is mutual honesty and trust. As Danny, a sales rep who has many women friends, observes: "In any friendship you need to let the other person be whatever he or she is, without any of the nonsense about roles. What is a friend, after all? Someone who accepts you for what you are—and for what you *aren't*."

If that's the case, of course, there's no reason why one's *lover* can't also be one's own best friend. 



★ The August issue features CHIC's tastiest centerfold ever. Her name is CLOE, and she's the most delectable FRENCH PASTRY you've ever seen. Then you'll join NINA for some SPORT FISHING as she shows just how to reel 'em in, and you'll be WET ALL OVER watching a horny couple performing an erotic poolside dance. Finally, two motorcycle mamas will be REVVING UP their engines, and we're sure they'll have you in overdrive too.

★ The menace of youth gangs is greater than ever—they're maiming, raping and murdering people in growing numbers, and some of their most violent members are as young as ten. Ted Schwarz's in-depth look at rampaging young hoodlums reveals that their bloody activities have spread from the mean streets of our inner cities to our most affluent—and reputedly safest—neighborhoods.

★ Could robots be the sex slaves of the future? Modern technology has already spawned androids so lifelike, some scientists are saying that robot sex machines may soon be a reality. Francesca Garrett's report examines both sides of the robot issue: They're making things easier for humans, but we may be paying for it in lost jobs and the complete restructuring of our industries.

★ Plus: SEX LIFE takes an in-depth look at the hard facts concerning teenagers' sex lives, DOPE offers a sobering view of alcohol, MUSIC NOTES presents a behind-the-scenes look at the rock world, TRIVIA TRIP dispenses brainteasers galore, and ODDS & ENDS serves up a hysterical sampling of life's sillier moments.

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MAIL - ORDER FEEDBACK



This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in the pages of *HUSTLER*, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you to help us keep the marketplace clean, write *Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054, and alert us to any problems you're having.

Besides to us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

Edited by Doug Oliver

SLEAZEBAGS EXPOSED AGAIN!

In order to prolong its rape of the XXX-rated video buyer, the First Family of hard-core bloodsuckers—*PC Video*, *Videoplex*, *Videomax*, *White Horse Video*, *UFA Fulfillment* and *Sanstape*—has invented three new names for itself: *American Video*, *Precision Video* and *Reset Inc.*

These sleazebags have more names than Annie Sprinkle has perversions. They adopt a new alias each time *HUSTLER* exposes the scam they're running... but they don't change the scam! These scumslurpers continue to flood the mails with incredible video offers that are calculated to appeal to the bargain hunter in us all: ten full-color, big-name features (such as *Urban Cowgirls*, *8 to 4*, *The Filthy Rich*, etc.) all for \$99. Sound familiar? Newcomer *American Video*'s offer is even more enticing: the same ten films for only \$59!

Carefully worded brochures encourage unwary buyers to believe that they'll receive ten full-length videos at these breathtakingly low prices. In fact, nobody, but nobody, can afford to sell full-length hard-core videos featuring porn superstars for such prices. What these pricks deliver is one reel of *previews* of the ten features.

This isn't their only scam, however. In

addition to the fantastic video offers and video clubs—beware of *Blue-X* and *Video-mate*—from time to time these ass-wipes try to drum up business for a movie that, to hear them describe it, is of such overpowering eroticism that the viewer is left weak and exhausted from watching it. Well, what leaves the viewer weak and exhausted is the overpowering boredom, not the eroticism. *The Scarlet Symposium*—which *HUSTLER* exposed in March 1984—is one such ripoff. The latest, courtesy of *Reset Inc.*, is called *Thanksgiving*. (It's not such an odd title when you realize that what *Reset* is really saying is, "Thanks for giving us your money, sucker.")

According to someone who calls himself J. Walden Bond, president of *Reset Inc.*, *Thanksgiving* was originally intended to be a standard R-rated Hollywood horror movie—except that on the first day of shooting, someone spiked the lunch punch with a powerful hallucinogen that caused cast and crew to throw off any and all sexual inhibitions and fuck their brains out for six hours. Conveniently, two cameramen didn't drink the punch and were thus able to immortalize the "mind-boggling sexual extravaganza" that ensued.

Bond claims that after the drug wore off, people were hospitalized, production was suspended, an investigation was ordered, and then a coverup took place of such proportions as to make *Watergate* seem trifling by comparison. Of course, Bond's company just happens to have obtained the footage, transferred it to videotape and is offering only 1,000 prints (sound familiar?) at \$59.95 each, limit three to a customer.

Anyone who believes this dogshit believes the check is in the mail. The only true statement in *Reset*'s brochure is that the tapes are for sale for \$59.95 each. *Thanksgiving* sounds like nothing more than a collection of outtakes—the footage that normally ends up on the cutting-room floor—of a cheap porn movie in which everyone keeps their undies on.

If these money-grubbing parasites were on the up-and-up, they'd send a copy of their film for *HUSTLER* to review, but

the last thing they want is an honest critique of their product. The best thing to do is to stay away from offers like these unless what gets you off is throwing away your money. Rest assured that *HUSTLER* will continue to expose these phonies and their shameless practices no matter how often they change their names. You can count on us!

NEGATIVE RESULTS:

I want to make my own home porn movies and photos. Can you recommend a company that will develop this type of pictures or 8mm films with no hassles and that won't copy them for sale? —Name Withheld by Request
Rentz, Georgia

Although many labs advertise discreet processing services, there is *always* the risk that your film or photos will end up in the wrong hands. If the prospect of seeing your loved ones adorning the walls of garages all over America bothers you, you're better off taking Polaroids and videos of your intimate activities. Of course, if you've got your heart set on film, you could always turn your bathroom into a part-time darkroom; otherwise video is the way to go.

SERVICING CUSTOMERS:

Six months ago I sent a check for \$11.95 to 21st Century Products for a vibrator, and I still haven't received a thing. I've written the company a letter but have had no response. Is there anything you can do to help me?

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We contacted Miss Roberts, 21st's customer-service representative, and brought this problem to her attention. After checking on the order, she agreed to re-ship the vibrator via United Parcel Service at no extra charge to the customer. *21st Century Products* has been in business for years and has a good reputation for accommodating its customers. If you're having difficulty with this company, feel free to call the Customer Service Department at (516) 588-7257.

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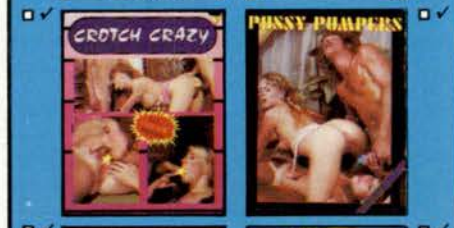
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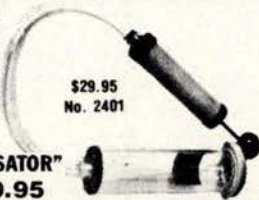
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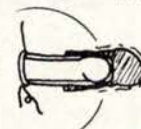
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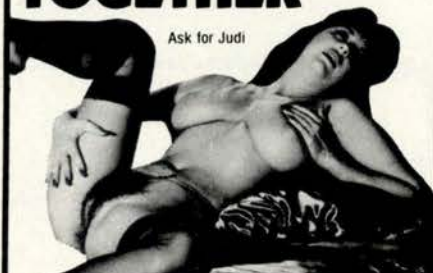


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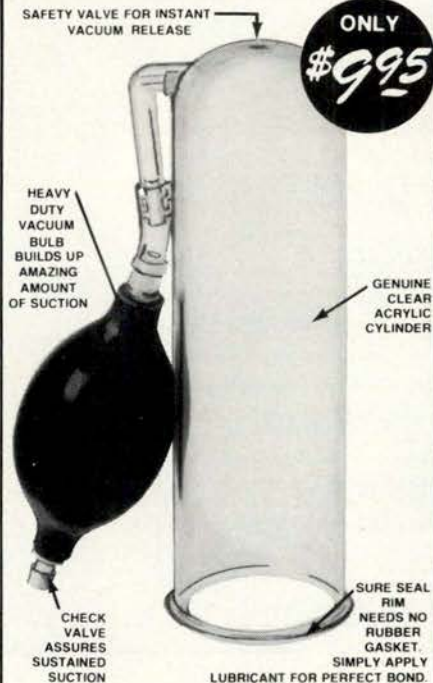
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Mom was standing at the counter with her hands in a mixing bowl filled with red, juicy hamburger meat. Dad was behind her, his arms around her, his body pressed hard against hers. One of his hands was down her blouse, fondling her tits, and the other was in her pants, stroking her cunt.

Slowly, she took some soft, pliable meat from the bowl, gently and sensuously shaping it into patties. Her face had a faraway look, and her mouth was slightly contorted. Every few moments a soft moan would escape her lips.

Dad emitted a low growl as he pushed his body even more tightly into hers. He kissed her neck while his hands worked on her nipples and clitoris slowly, methodically. They moved together like two dancers in unison—her fondling the meat; him fondling her.

I could hardly stand watching them, my little pussy ached so much. But I was entranced, hypnotized, unable to tear myself away from the erotic scene. Suddenly, my mother dropped the meat in the bowl and began to shudder. Her left nipple was stiff as it escaped from her blouse. Then she let out a long, animal-like moan. Dad held her quietly for a moment as she caught her



BY KIMBERLY KNIGHT

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breath. Then he said in a commanding voice, "I want to fuck you—now!"

I knew I should leave, but my cunt was so hot and juicy that I just couldn't move. Then they turned around and saw me. Horror filled their faces as they realized I had witnessed the whole thing. Embarrassed, my mother buttoned up her blouse while my father sent me to my room. Sheepishly, I went upstairs, wondering if they were going to finish what they'd started.

I never got to find out. But ever since then I've had this strange, erotic reaction to hamburger meat. And years later, when I was grown up, I'd feel a strange tingling sensation in my snatch every time I stepped up to a meat counter.

About once a week I would go to the local market after work—still dressed in my suit, my high heels clicking away. The moment I walked in it would seem as if I'd gone into a dream, and I wouldn't remember anything for ten minutes or so. Then, mysteriously, I'd come out of it and find myself at the meat counter, stroking a package of hamburger and feeling horny. When I'd realize with embarrassment what I'd done, I'd

quickly walk off and hope no one had seen me.


But it turned out that someone was watching, a young butcher named Mike. He worked the late shift at this particular store. It was a part-time job while he was putting himself through college. He must have played football or worked out or something, because even through his white butcher's coat I could see those bulging biceps.

I'd noticed Mike many times, but I never realized that he had been watching me go into my trances, practically having orgasms right there in the market.

One night I went into the store quite late—almost 11 p.m., I

As I came out of my almost-hypnotic spell and realized what was happening, I began to have serious doubts. *What am I doing here?* I thought. *I have to go home.* Mike just pulled me close to him, enveloping me in blood and bits of meat. I gasped as my knees turned to jelly, and my reser-

I looked at the bloody, sawdust-strewn floor, and he could tell I was worried about my clothes. That was silly, of course, because they already had blood on them; but I wasn't thinking too clearly by

The funny thing is, I'm pretty good at meat counters now—only an occasional trance—but I still feel a twitch in my pussy every time I make hamburgers. I suppose someone else will come along who'll spot my fetish and catch me in the kitchen. But if not, I'll always have my memories of Mike and *his* way with meat. 

132

Linda Lovelace In

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PERFECT STRANGERS

(continued from page 108)

marriage-saver. The only couples who can weather the inevitable tensions and jealousies of the swing life, they say, are those who have a tremendous degree of honesty and open communication.

"Swingers are actually the elite as far as relationships are concerned," contends club organizer McGinley. "How many people in a traditional marriage would ever admit to one another that they're even interested in somebody else? I question the motives of those who keep trying to find deep reasons to explain swingers' behavior. Swingers are simply people who refuse to base their marriages around sex. They don't believe you have to love someone to have sex with them or that if you have sex with someone other than your mate, your marriage is over. Swing marriages are based more on love than possession. Swingers refuse to let sex get in their way; they are by no means unhappy people."

Richard Anobile, coauthor of *Free Form Marriage*, isn't so sure. He objects to swinging from quite a different angle, claiming that it doesn't go far enough—that in many ways it limits sexual freedom, putting a harness on emotion.

"Swinging is basically people, who may or may not know each other, taking off all

their clothes and fucking each other's brains out," Anobile says. "I don't believe there should be any restrictions on sex, but I do think sex is an outgrowth of friendship and caring—or should be. To me, anonymous sex doesn't wash."

Anobile also decries the underground aspect of swinging—the fact that swingers by and large keep their feelings and activities locked away. "I think the lack of openness in swinging is a very negative factor because what it says is that what we're doing is wrong," he observes. "Swingers are not willing to acknowledge to others their feelings about sexuality; so therefore nonswingers never get any positive role models."

"It would be a really positive thing if swingers came out of the closet and admitted they're able to have all these wonderful friendships with people that include sex and don't also lead to terrible consequences. But as long as they don't do this, nothing at all is going to change."

* * *

I thought about all these pros and cons as I found myself on the brink of becoming a swinger myself—if only for the one night of my research at the party on Cape Cod. As Janet led me into one of the upstairs swing rooms, I kept reminding myself that I was doing this—after all—only to report my firsthand experience.

We stepped cautiously over naked cou-

ples sprawled across six wide mattresses covering the floor. I wasn't sure what to do next. It was exactly like junior high school all over again, anticipating that first fuck of my life so long ago.

Janet slipped off her frilly dress in one smooth swoop. She was wearing nothing underneath, and now she just stood there, grinning lecherously. I yanked off my pants and shoes, fumbled with my socks and shyly removed my underwear. Janet pulled me gently down on the mattress and began biting me softly on the neck. Following her cue, I moved my mouth to her nipples and started sucking one of them hard.

Before I could finish, she was stroking my balls and the sides of my shaft. Very quickly I became erect; I wanted her. She guided me inside, her cunt wrapping tightly around my cock. Then her legs folded across my back, pressing me deeper inside her. We had been in the room for only minutes, but already we were clawing at each other's hips, ass, thighs and chest. Suddenly, both of us exploded at once in a fabulous orgasm.

All around us a dozen other couples humped and thrust on the mattresses—strong men huffing and groaning; gorgeous women sighing loudly and yelping as they came.

Afterward, Dinah—the woman I had brought to the party—told me that while I was upstairs, she was sitting quietly by the downstairs fireplace nursing a cold. We had a good, solid friendship. She wasn't a bit upset by what I might be doing upstairs. It was only the cold that was making her look miserable.

"Hey, don't feel bad about your boyfriend up there," said a male swinger, detecting her discomfort.

Peeking from behind a Kleenex, Dinah looked up at him with sore, moist eyes.

"It'll all be fine," the swinger continued, putting a consoling hand on her knee. "The main thing is that you love him, don't you? You do love him?"

Dinah nodded. "Yes, I love him," she said with increasing curiosity.

"And he loves you too, right?" The swinger's face was anxious yet very self-assured.

"Yes, he loves me too," my friend admitted.

"Then, hey, don't give any of this another thought," the man said, rising from the couch and gesturing toward the second floor. "That's not love up there. It's only fucking."

She looked at the swinger long and hard. "You're right," Dinah finally said. A sly grin slowly spread across her face as she gazed deliberately at the ceiling. "The hell with this cold. How about you and me joining the party upstairs?"

"I thought you'd never ask."

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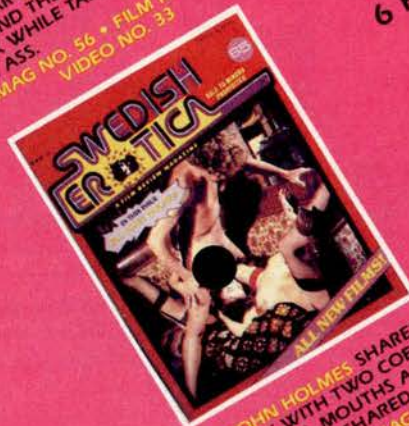
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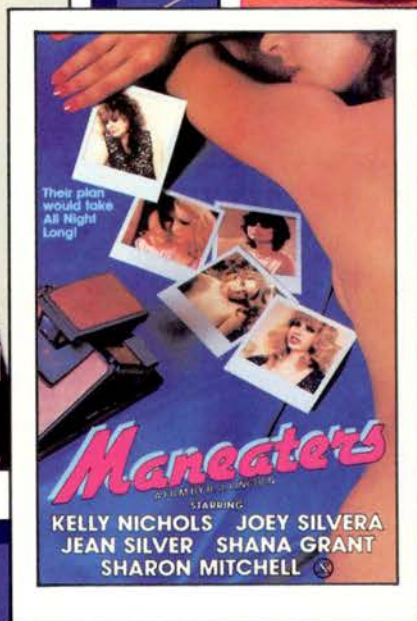
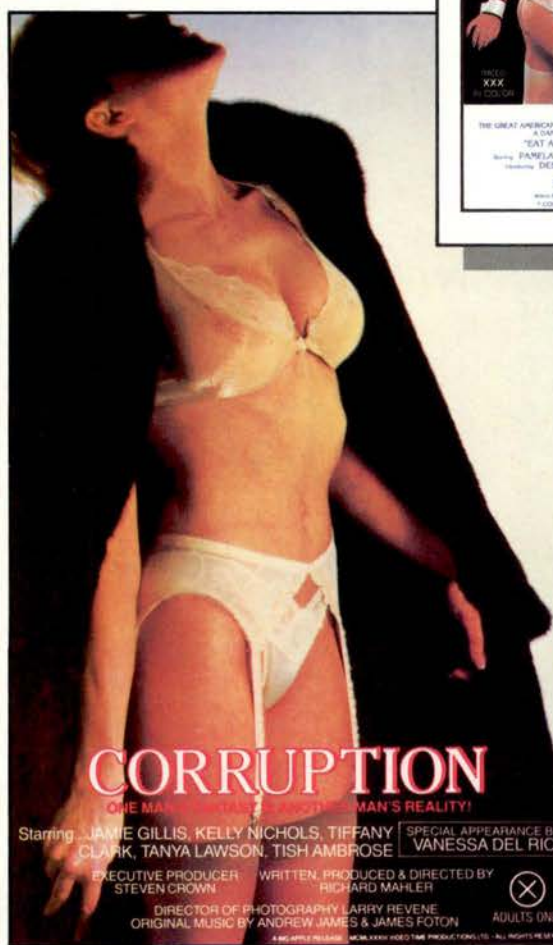
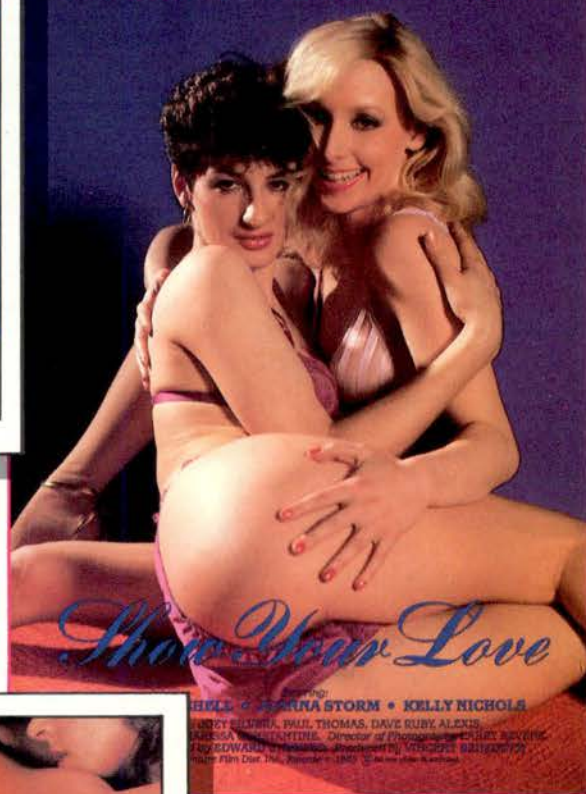
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